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THE
CHILDREN
OF
THESPIS,
A POEM.

(Price Three Shillings and Sixpence in Boards,)



THE
CHILDREN
OF
THESPIS,
A POEM,

BY
ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION,

With additional Characters and Emendations.

PLUS APUD ME RATIO VALEBIT, QUAM VULGI OPINIO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR KIRBY AND CO.
STAFFORD-STREET,
OLDBOND-STREET,

1792.



T O

J O S E P H B O O T H, Esq;

This P O E M (in the aggregate)

Is respectfully inscribed by

His Friend and Servant,

April 20, 1792.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

COMMENDATORY POEMS †.

*To the AUTHOR of the elegant Poem of the CHILDREN
of THIESPIS.*

BANISH the thought—fornear to paint the stage;
A nobler theme thy talents should engage;
Thy polish'd verses trivial subjects raise,
And wond'rous place them in the line of praise:
Names which from thee their only merit draw,
As glowing amber lifts the worthless straw.

Leave Politicians to their mazy wiles,
The Muses court thee with their sweetest smiles:
The powers of Martial's pointed page are thine,
The strength of Juvenal's in every line:
Shut from your mind St. Stephen's, and the stage,
Seize broader subjects—CASTIGATE THE AGE.
Our fading virtues—fatal passions scan,
Lash the deep vice, but never name the man.
Let moral truth and social love combine,
To spin the beauties of the lengthen'd line:

With

† At the instance of some valuable friends, of high estimation in the world of literature, I consented to have these poetical compliments annexed to the Poems, which have appeared in the different periodical publications, signed with the names of contemporary authors. I should not have been induced to this measure but merely to oppose the mean villany of the REVIEWERS, who, in revenge for having exposed their horrid practises, uniformly misquote my Poems, and then abuse me for those errors they have created.

With works like these assert thy doubtless claim,
 To live recorded in the roll of Fame.
 Our children's children o'er thy honor'd dust
 Shall raise the sculptur'd tomb and laurel'd bust;
 Inscribe the stone with monumental woe,
 While the big tears in gushing torrents flow!
 " Here lies the man—methinks the verse recites—
 " Whose pen reforms us, and whose page delights;
 " Virtue and Wit most nobly were combin'd
 " Within the mansion of his glowing mind;
 " Unaw'd by menaces, by bribes unbought,
 —" He dare be every thing that manhood ought;
 " Whene'er the wounds of Vice his pen reveals,
 " Pours the soft balm, and, as he pours, he heals!
 " His volume calls—go—read with mental eye,
 " 'Twill teach thee how to live—and how to die!"

WEST DUDLEY DIGGES.

AN APOLOGETIC DISTICH.

*Written with the Pencil of the Author of the CHILDREN
 of THESPIA.*

Accept a miracle instead of wit,
 Two dull lines with PASQUIN's pencil writ.

PETER STUART.

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

Pandite nunc Helicon, Deae, cantusque move. VIRG.

FOR thee, O PASQUIN! whose satiric strain,
 (Replete with attic salt, and just disdain,)
 Strikes shame and terror to the guilty heart,
 And, daring Folly, wounds in ev'ry part:
 For thee the virgins of the choir divine,
 Th' immortal goddesses, the sacred nine,
 From Helicon's embow'ring heights repair,
 To bless thy labours, and attend thy pray'r;
 To thee, the scourge of Folly they entrust,
 As Juvenal severe, as Persius just,
 Astræa's friends, with joy, thy justice own,
 While Vice is tott'ring on her brilliant throne;
 The sons of Dulness sink beneath thy force,
 And Arrogance eludes thy dreaded course!
 Still more admir'd than CHURCHILL shalt thou be,
 A brighter fire than CHURCHILL'S glows in thee!
 Proceed, great bard, all meaner things disdain,
 And give a loose to thy satiric vein;
 Lash Error, Folly, Vice, reform the Stage,
 And blaze the Flaccus of the present age.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 10, 1789.

W. WHITBY.

VERSES

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

THE BRITISH MARTIAL.

HAIL to the Bard whose bold and manly lay,
 Warms as it flows with a resistless sway!
 With powers increasing may his genius rove
 "O'er the sad ills that wait illicit love!"
 Lamented CARGIL! † lost, but not forgot,
 The feeling bard has sung thy hapless lot,
 And thus recorded thy sad tale will stand
 A lesson to the daughters of our land.
 The child of Virtue in a distant age
 Shall strike her bosom as she meets the page;
 Then, sweetly smiling, through the trembling tear,
 Shall own that guilt, and only guilt, can fear.

Long may my PASQUIN glow with honest rage,
 Long lash the idle flutt'ers of the age:
 Long may the richness of his mind expand,
 At once the pride and terror of the land.
 Those hearts too light to hear the private friend,
 'Tis only public satire can amend:
 Then still proceed, my PASQUIN, rush along,
 In all the thund'ring eloquence of song.
 View Vice and Folly shrinking from the lay;
 View Reformation mark thy glorious way:
 Thy pen, the lancet, strike at all around,
 Extract the core, and time will heal the wound;

To

† Alluding to her character in the second part of the Children of Thespis.

To crush the giant villanies be thine,
View Folly redden, paler Guilt repine,
Stung by the just rebuke which marks thy nervous line, }

In ev'ry age keen satire's wholesome spring
Has heal'd the wounds of prejudice's sting;
Pure is its stream, its glassy surface flows
Clear as the day, and every foible shews:
Its genial influence mental health imparts,
The richest med'cine for corrupted hearts.
Its waters clear the sickly mists away,
That, rising, check the force of Wisdom's ray;
While brighten'd Reason, beaming o'er the mind,
Exulting views each faculty refin'd.

THOMAS BELLAMY.

V E R S E S

To ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

IMMORTAL PASQUIN, be it thine to raise
The British Genius with thy matchless lays;
You know the strength that Honor can impart,
And all the mighty virtues of the heart;
Your manly nature never plaudits *bought*,
You sought for Fame and ravish'd her you sought.
Few have like you been warm'd by Theban fire,
And Envy's race admiring wont admire;
Our sons shall read with rapture all you've writ,
Each line's conviction and each sentence wit.

ANNE FULLER.

TO MY FRIEND

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

On reading the first part of the CHILDREN of THESEUS.

RESISTLESS Bard! by ev'ry Science own'd,
Thou shalt be universally renown'd !
In PASQUIN's toils we more than Churchill see;
The fire of Dryden is reviv'd in thee.
With exquisite delight, my eye explores
Thy glowing fancy's inexhaustless stores;
Well may you tread all competition down:
Originality is all your own.
More wit, more learning, has not ravish'd men,
Since Butler's Hudibras escap'd his pen.
With wond'rous power is the texture wrought;
Each line's an epigram, each word is thought.
Go on, and dignify this sinking age;
Make Folly fly before thy gen'rous rage:
Nobly avail yourself of Phœbus smiles,
And prop the virtues of the queen of isles.

FREDERICK PILON.

*Hotel d'Yorke, Paris,
May 8, 1787.*

TO

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

PASQUIN I've read your wond'rous Poem thro':
'T would take an hundred Wits to make but one like you,

E. NOLAN.

Dublin, 1789.

O D E

T O

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

PASQUIN, can nought thy daring pen impede,
 Or stem the venom of thy critic gall?
 Shall thy effusions make whole legions bleed,
 And thou sit smiling as their numbers fall?

By Heaven! I'll probe thee to the heart's warm core,
 If Thespis hurl again his satire round,
 E'en thy existence, by the gods I've sworn,
 To bring, by strength Samsonian, to the ground!

For know, that giants should with giants vie,
 And such art thou, magnanimous and proud,
 Disdaining all who give thy works the lie,
 And spurning those who've threaten'd vengeance loud.

Say, shall thy haughty and indignant quill
 Hurl barbed shafts, speak Reputations's death?
 No! I'll annihilate thy savage will,
 And stop the course of thy infectious breath!

The fires of Ætna shall awhile be mine,
 To set thy satires in a general blaze,
 And from thy ashes rebuild Folly's shrine,
 That ideots may upon the structure gaze.

b

Imperiou

Imperious tyrant, doth my threats affright
 Thy yet ungovern'd and undaunted soul?
 Or, rather, fill thee with renew'd delight,
 Such as when Paris lovely Helen stole?

Yes: for eternal warfare is thy sport,
 With those who will not own thy iron sway,
 For monarchs fear, and queens thy graces court,
 And all the Thespian tribe thy nod obey.

WILLIAM UPTON.

L I N E S

Affixed in the Pump-Room at Bath, in November, 1789,
 on seeing ANTHONY PASQUIN.

FOLLY avaunt ! shrink back with conscious fear;
 Know'st thou the merciless PASQUIN dwelleth here?
 The scourge is rais'd by which so oft you've bled,
 His nervous arm is brandish'd o'er his head:
 Terrific now it falls!—the spell is broke,
 And Folly flies before the avenging stroke.
 Oh, happy talents, which at once can give,
 This hand the lash, and that the lenitive!

E. H. BONVILLE.

Bath,
 Sept. 5, 1789.

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

JUST Satyrist, thy fruitful theme pursue,
 Still hold the mirror up to Folly's view;
 To her vain eyes each glaring fault disclose,
 That she may blush such errors to expose;
 But shrinking, from the public gaze retire
 To some rude barn where gaping fools admire:
 There let her strut, with buskin'd pride elate,
 Start, stare, rave, die, in mock heroics great,
 Or if in antic mood the sock she wears,
 Tho' her broad front beneath the mask appears,
 The loud applause from Ignorance she'll gain,
 In all that gives sense, taste and judgment pain,
 Still, PASQUIN, in the noble task engage,
 Till Folly's driven from the British stage.
 Yet, not to Satire is thy pen confin'd,
 True Panegyric shews a generous mind,
 By liberal sentiment and taste refin'd.
 Where excellence broke forth with dazzling rays,
 That excellence obtain'd thy glowing praise,
 And modest merit with soft lustre shines,
 Set to advantage in thy charming lines.
 Truth will approve, and brilliant Wit admire
 A work that emulation must inspire;
 And envious scribblers must in vain oppose,
 While only Vice and Folly are thy foes.

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

WHEN DULLNESS got, and VANITY gave birth,
 What a curs'd Progeny o'erspread the earth !
Wights—Witlings—Blockheads—an egregious train,
 Soon form'd a host for FOLLY's stupid reign:
 To stem th' o'erflowings of this race of *lead*,
 Wisdom, alarm'd, leapt from the teeming head
 Of potent Jove, and summon'd to her aid
Wit—Satire—Ridicule—in points array'd.

From the high polish'd pens of Greece and Rome,
 How many a bastard muse-ling met it's doom;
 How many a *Zoylus* and *Mævius* bled,
 Lash'd by keen *Ridicule*, they mean'd and fled !
 Nor have fam'd Britain's bards less happy writ,
 But led their victims to the shrine of Wit:
 The *Dunciad* scourg'd, and PASQUIN's Muse can say,
 Folly hath felt my rod, and skulks from day !

PASQUIN proceed, embrace a wider field,
 And tear from gorgeous Vice her Gorgon shield;
 Bare her camelcon breast, rack ev'ry joint,
 None rail at satire, but who dread her point:
 Resist the darings of a pamper'd age,
 Exert thy manly, and Herculean rage ;
 The shaft of *Ridicule* with venom wing,
 All will applaud, but those who *feel the sting*.

R. HOULTON, A. M.

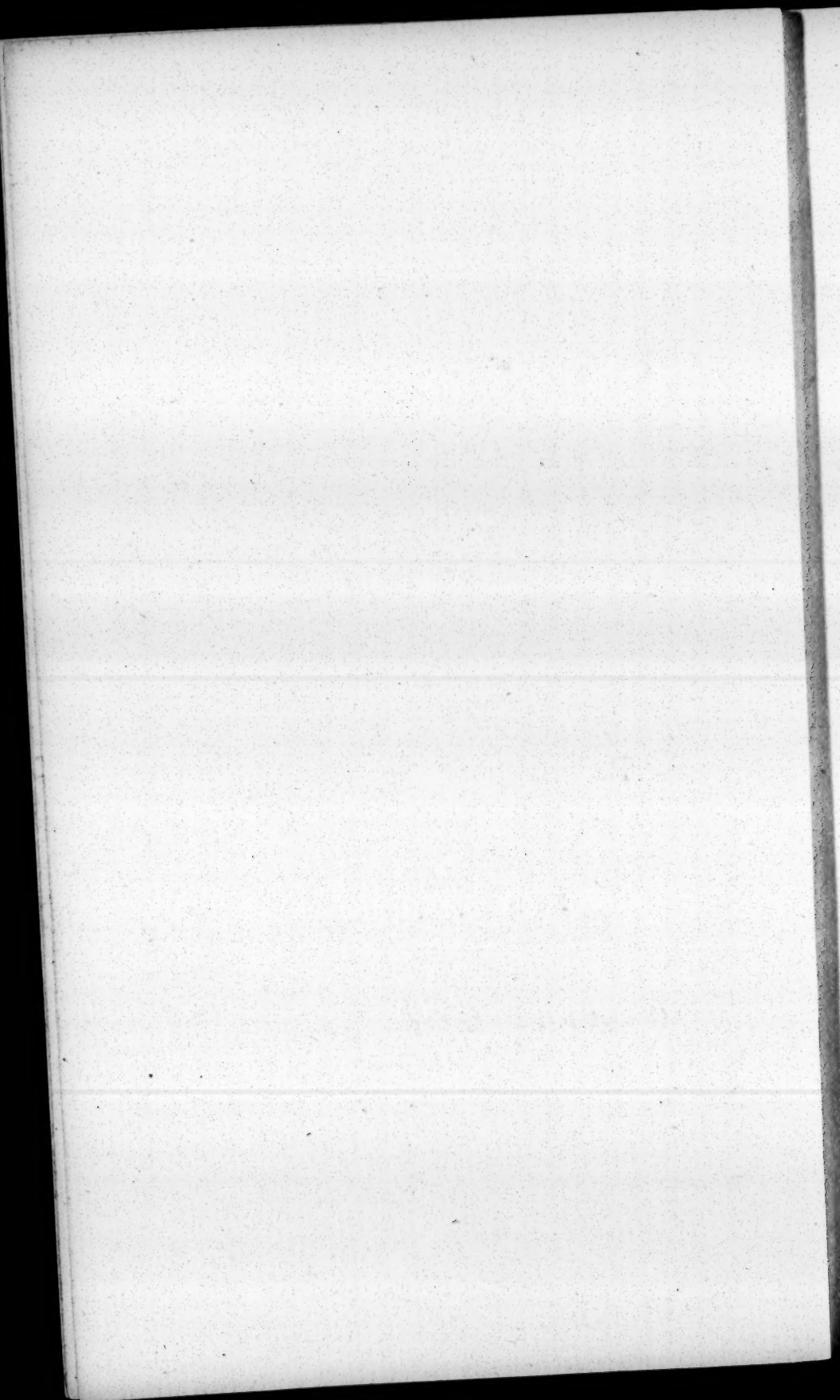
THE
C H I L D R E N
OF

THE SPIS;

A
P O E M,

FIRST PART.

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1786.)



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

S I R,

THE interests of Literature, like those of the Arts, very materially depend for their support upon the protection of the Great and Affluent; as unhappily for human excellence, the professors of both are seldom remarkable for the independence of their circumstances, and are very frequently obliged to be indebted for the means of prosecuting their studies either to the fostering hand of wealthy Folly, or ridiculous ostentation.

But though I admit the necessity of such a patronage, I should think it too dearly purchased by a resignation of my own dignity, in sacrificing the beauties of Truth to the vices or prejudices of men, on whom the capricious hand of Fortune hath showered her favors with more profusion than discernment: and to give an inconsiderable testimony of my disposition, I have avoided offering the incense of adulation at the shrine of any individual whether dignified by decent or debauched by prosperity;



and paid an humble tribute of respect to a man, who, by his superior endowments, and enlarged mind, has not only ennobled himself, from a source infinitely more pure than the breath of kings, but has conferred immortal honor on his country, by the elegant and inimitable labors of his pencil.

In future ages, when the schools of painting shall have become a subject of general discussion, the works of a REYNOLDS will be quoted with particular veneration, as the noblest example of portrait-painting; and sedulously copied as the productions of a master, who united in his composition the colouring and strength of RUBENS—with the truth of VANDYKE—harmoniously tempered by the graces of a CORREGIO.

We can have no greater proof of your excellence in painting, than by investigating the productions of those men who presume to be your compeers; and who, it is evident, have industriously borrowed all their ideas of grace and greatness from your pencil—that their best efforts are but a continuation of the smallest of your beauties; and, that their hopes to arrive at the temple of Fame, exist only in an unceasing arder to imitate

mitate your perfections.—But there remains still a greater instance of the fascinating powers of your enlightened Fancy, in its possessing sufficient magic to draw the attention of BEAUTY from the frivolities of polished life :—to this influence are we indebted for the charming studies of a CARLOW and a LUCAN, who pay, under your wing, their elegant devoirs to the imitative Muse ; being happy to tread in those paths of Science, which your sublime labors had previously strown with roses.

This, Sir, might probably be deemed the language of Flattery, if addressed to any other individual than yourself ; but, in speaking of your superiority as an artist, or your accomplishments as a gentleman, I do but continue a theme which has been already supported with particular energy, by the GREAT and GOOD, who have industriously sought an opportunity to annex their names to the memory of a man, who while his admirable performances are his best panegyric, will be recollected with honor, so long as exalted merit has a claim to human approbation.

The following Poem, which I have taken the liberty of inscribing to you, has little else to recommend it either to your notice, or to that of the public, but a rigid and faithful adherence to Truth and Nature.—The likenesses of the several personages introduced, are preserved with inflexible accuracy; their features being copied under the immediate guidance of CANDOUR, unappalled by the threats of Vice or Weakness, and untainted by the influence of either prejudice or Fashion.

I am, S I R,

With great respect,

Your ardent admirer,

And most obedient servant,

*Inner-Temple,
March, 1, 1786.*

The Author

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first institution of the Drama in polished society was in the days of Pisistratus, the Athenian tyrant, who did his name so much honor by collecting the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer; and it was this publication which caused the Drama to rear its head. Aristotle asserts that it originated with Homer. The theatrical entertainments of England commenced so early as the conquest. In 1390 the parish clerks of London played interludes at Skinners Well, near London; the subjects were the Creation of the World.—JOHN HEYWOOD, the Epigrammatist and Jester to HENRY THE EIGHTH, was the first person who aimed at wit in dramatic composition; the first dramatic piece of any importance in our language was called Gorboduc, the joint essay of THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, and THOMAS NORTON; to them succeeded the immortal SHAKESPEAR, FLETCHER, and JOHNSON. The first company of players we have upon record is from a patent granted in 1574 to JAMES BURBAGE and others servants to the Earl of Leicester.—In 1578, the children of Saint Paul's performed theatric pieces. In so great estimation were they held at this period, that from 1570 to 1629 seventeen playhouses, had been erected in the metropolis: at that period the female characters were played by men or boys.

To those persons who wish to be more intimately acquainted with the progress of the British Theatre since the last date, I recommend the perusal of DOWNE'S Roscius Anglicanus, CIBBER'S Apology for his own Life, and BAKER'S Biographia Dramatica.

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(Notwithstanding every corrupt act to suppress it)

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THE
C H I L D R E N
OF
T H E S P I S.

FIRST PART.

THO' legends inform us that walls have oft spoke,
This vile faithless age treat the tale as a joke :
But in that they are wrong, as hereafter you'll see :
For e'en houses converse, when their minds disagree.
To evince what I say, I will give a relation
Of a speech, by the way of a kind exhortation.
The Nymph of the GARDEN, with feeling and pain,
Thus warn'd the grey strumpet of old DRURY LANE :

To give good advice, is not always well taken,
Tho' it tends in its spirit to save a friend's bacon :
Half aw'd by a maxim so wise and so weighty,
I thrice had resolv'd to forego this intreaty ;
But Nature impels me, I cannot resist her,
To snatch from perdition a weak-minded sister ;

C

Whose

Whose honor is sullied by counsellors scurvy,
 Who've turn'd her poor *cranium* almost topsy-turvy.
 Like the cloak of Saint Martin, they've cut her in pieces,
 For self-preservation's their favourite thesis :
 No evils more serious have sickled her uses,
 Since pliable FLEETWOOD smil'd Lord of the Muses :
 By the fatal effects of mal-administration,
 In the last fell campaign they half undid their nation :
 Then Folly and Madness rose up to confound 'em,
 And the props of their happiness fell all around 'em ;
 A woe-begone queen call'd for gin to support her,
 And chiefs mourn'd the fall of the state—over porter ;
 And LINLEY the pensive, Calliope's hero,
 Oft fiddled on ruins, like Rome's bloody Nero.

POOR DRURY, 'tis piteous that Reason e'er left her,
 See FORD damns the forceps, to catch a mock sceptre :
 In vain lovely Dian implores from the skies,
 Become not, my varlet, the tyrant of flies ;
 I know the vile Helicon hussies have stung ye,
 But I'll send the demon of discord among ye ;
 To people the world is a more honor'd part.
 Then forsake not, my son, the obstetric art ;
 Get your brains wash'd by HAWKINS, and stop up its
 crannies,

And give to mankind Lady Gigs and Lord Fannies.
 But deaf to her complaints, the egregious king
 Quits the medical paths to become—a great thing ;
 Ambition has grappled the hooks of his soul,
 And bent all his talents, to own her controul.

Like

Like Ammon's fam'd son he exerts his high sway,
For with ease he creates forty kings in a day ;
The posts of vast import bestows on his cousins,
And heroes and lordlings, can make them by dozens ;
Thus regally rob'd, becomes haughty and vain,
And abjures the *Divan* leagu'd in *Old Warwick-Lane*.
Not AUGUSTUS himself, tho' his chief and his master,
Could elevate ideots more gladly or faster.

Like Charles the imperial, enfeebled and hoary,
Great GARRICK retir'd, o'erladen with glory :
He had run round the circle of Honor's career,
And knew ev'ry blessing which feeling makes dear ;
But his vanity sated, his wishes were o'er,
For his hope grew diseas'd, and his joys were no more.
Like the young Macedonian, he wept when he knew,
That no graces of art there remain'd to subdue ;
And that spirit which long was subservient to Fame,
Retreated within, and corroded his frame ;
Where with Nature's base particles entering in strife,
It subjected his wisdom, and fed on his life.
Your faculties weaken'd, you think it a crime
To shew in your person the inroads of Time ;
But, like a French dowager, vanity-tainted,
Your wrinkles are hid, and your cheeks are be-painted ;
And tho' laboring Art throws a veil over Truth,
You still want in mien all the graces of youth ;
Yet, alas ! on that point we could never agree ;
You should leave all those airs—to young beauties like me.

But to give my intent and my action a joint,
We will drop idle tattling, and come to the point.

As you know I abhor both the lies and detractors,
I'll give you my thoughts on your Authors and Actors;
With a critical rod I'll enforce each vain youth,
Unsandall'd, to walk o'er the ploughshares of Truth:
If his worth is innate, and his merits are real,
Unwounded he'll pass thro' the flaming ordeal.
—A dramatic author can now bid defiance
To learning, to genius, to taste, and to science;
Helter-skelter, ding-dong, thro' thick and thro' thin,
They heed not the means, so the prize they can win.
'Twas reserv'd as a type of this frenzy-fraught age,
That such Grub-street endeavours should rise on the
stage:

But patrons of Merit, alas! are no more,
And the choir of Parnassus the tidings deplore.
Apollo now ceases the song to inspire,
And tuneless, and silent, reposes his lyre:
As Sorrow the pearl from each eye will distil,
The sweet Nymphs of Helicon mourn round their hill.

MR. DIBDIN.

AMID the half taught, illegitimate race,
CHARLES DIBDIN comes forward with bronze-burnish'd
face;
Unletter'd, ill-manner'd, presuming and loud,
To push his bold front in the rhyme-weaving crowd;
His

His career has been mark'd like a mere April day,
 Where storms, rain, and sunshine, by turns hold the sway:
 Now he groans with despair at the scourges of Heav'n;
 Now he laughs o'er the wages his follies have giv'n;
 Blaspheming this month, amid filth in a garret;
 In the next, gorging high, on his carp, cod and claret.
 Like the bird of the east, by his weakness misled,
 He'll with pride shew his breech—so the fool hides his head.
 The thing mounts to *alt'* in his passionate fires,
 His brains are *piano*, and *bass* his desires.
 Like some Misers who laughably subdivide pelf,
 He reviews his own bank and cribs *notes* from himself;
 He's by Modesty scorn'd, yet he's vulgarly clever,
 And makes Vanity even more hideous than ever:
 Like the foot of a stocking, his fancy's been torn,
 'Tis continually darn'd and continually worn:
 With movements from PURCELL and ends of old songs,
 To illustrate low trash and inveigle base throngs!
 But he retints the fragment purloin'd from our daddies,
 And gives the stol'n passage to *Taffies* and *Puddies*:
 With Conceit-marshall'd wriggings and BICKERSTAFF
 grins,
 Plays at hazard with Fortune, cogs, carols and wins;
 Then rattles his coin with ridiculous spirit,
 To wound the auricular organs of Merit,
 Makes Jove lift his bolt, as he bullies and braves him,
 Till the God *views* the man, then his nothingness saves
 him.

As patient he sail'd down life's varying stream,
 He felt not the warmth of the Sun's genial beam:
 Like a flowret on Nature's great desert he lay,
 Which the weeds that surrounded had hid from his ray;
 Its fragrance unknown, none the loss will deplore,
 For he droop'd in the vale, and was thought of no more;
 Chill Penury's hand drew the child from the womb,
 Attended his being, and wept o'er his tomb.

principles to do good and benefit mankind.—The following melancholy list proves the justness of a remark which wounds sensibility.

PLAUTUS turned a mill; TERENCE was a slave; BOETHIUS died in a gaol; PAOLO BORGHESI had 14 different trades, yet starved with them all; TASSO was often distressed for a *marvedi*; BENTIVOGLIO was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; CERVANTES died of hunger; CAMOENS ended his days in an alms-house; VANGELUS left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts! GALILEO was persecuted and tortured because he had more wisdom than his enemies; and LOVELACE, BUTLER, OTWAY, and CHATTERTON, perished for lack of bread! But to shew that merit, when unallied to meanness, is treated with the same neglect in every country, I have made the following quotation from a work highly celebrated on the continent:

“ Parlons d'abord de la partie la plus curieuse de Paris, *les Greniers*; comme dans la machine humaine le sommet renferme la plus noble partie de l'homme, l'organe pensant, ainsi dans cette capitale le genie, l'industrie, l'application, la vertu occupent la region la plus elevee. La, se forme en silence le peintre: La, le poete fait ses premiers vers: La, sont les enfans des arts, pauvres & laborieux, contemplateurs assidus des merveilles de la nature, donnant des inventions utiles & des lecons a l'univers: La, se meditent tous les chefs d'œuvres des arts: La, on ecrit un mandement pour un eveque, un discours pour un avocat general, un livre pour un futur ministre, un projet qui va changer la face de l'etat, la piece de theatre qui doit enchanter la nation. J'y ai vu l'auteur d'EMILIE pauvre, fier & content.”

Voyez La TABLEAU de PARIS.

Full

Full oft he attempted to call upon Fame,
But the children of Vice had extinguish'd his claim :
Indignant they drove the meek youth from the throng,
Suppress'd his ambition, and fetter'd his song.—

For rancorous Authorlings sink to Reviewers,
As channels neglected become common sewers :
Hence Folly to high estimation is rais'd,
Hence STERNES were bespatter'd, and BURNEYS beprais'd :
They lacerate Wit from their cowardly stations,
And grub for a weed, in—a bed of carnations.
Like the envious pangs of an impotent man,
They can't sin themselves, and they hate all that can ;
But deal out their wreaths to the suppliant things,
As honors are shower'd by puppet-shew kings ;
And the errors of Dulness, from sympathy, smother,
As one vile attorney will plead for another.

Yet his page will be hallow'd on future inspection,
Who laugh'd at their edicts, and scorn'd their protection ;
For Time shall their basis of arrogance sever,
And BURNEYS will perish, and STERNES live for ever !

But enough, my dear sister, we've sung of that sect ;
The Bad you encourage, the Good you neglect ;
Your despots with evil have crowded their hour,
And coerc'd their slaves, but to manifest power ;
They protect but the GRUBS of their own vile creation,
And darken at will the bright mind's emanation ;
For Folly woo'd Taste, the lewd minx, till he won her,
And Ribaldry treads on the ashes of Honor.

—Let

—Let us turn to a better-starr'd body of men,
Who've no cause to envy the sons of the pen,
The ACTORS—who feel not the pangs of starvation,
Nor e'er dread the curse of an earthly damnation.

MR. KING.

WITH KING, your prime minister, lord and *fac-totum*,
The theme I'll begin, and his merits thus note 'em:
'Tis long since this veteran led the gay train
Of laugh-loving mortals of poor DRURY-LANE:
Tho' 'tis plain in his acting to trace the old school,
He wars not with Nature, but makes her his rule.
And so aptly his sallies accord with his sense,
We can laugh, yet without giving Judgment offence;
He's Comedy's Monarch, well skill'd in the art,
To fasten our senses, and seize on the heart.
The chaste wit of SHAKESPEARE, his point, and his whim,
Suit the talents of no individual—but him.
In TOUCHSTONE he's perfect, MALVOLIO great,
To thought he gives strength, and to sentiment weight;
But his characters fade as his spirits decay,
And his BRASS is at best—an attempt to be gay.
Each year of his life seems to poison his hour,
Enervate his vigour, and narrow his power.
To Comedy dear—yet incompetent grown,
He struggles with Fate, still to sit on her throne;
And painful supports the wide scope of her plan;
Yet is but the mere ghost, as we've long lost—the man.
For,

For, envious of worth, see! to sever the thread,
 Foul Atropos plays round his reverend head.
 And 'tis plain both his mind and his faculties moulder,
 When the task of each day proves the man—a day older.
 In a path contra-feminine Fate leads his hours,
 His *conception* outlives all his animal powers:
His experience now is by Profit unsought,
 He can feel what he may, but can't act what he ought!
 Pale Care, that round Greatness is ever found lurking,
 Has fairly worn out the inside of his jerkin:
 Like Rome's classic ruins, which nod on her plains,
 We trace ancient grandeur in that which remains;
 And pine at the tort'ring of aught that's sublime,
 And mark, with a sigh, all the traces of Time!

MRS. SIDDONS. †

The next on the list is the SIDDONS—great name!
 Of Britain at once—the delight and the shame!
 She lay like a gem on the bed of old Ocean,
 Till Chance and Caprice call'd her soul into motion.

† This Lady, or her supposed friends, in an account of her life, inserted in several periodical works, have charged me with writing her off the stage a few winters since, for not performing for Mr. Diggs's benefit, in Dublin——The writer has charitably characterized this poem as containing 'every line a libel, and every word a lie;' how far the latter assertions are true, I shall calmly leave to the discernment of the public. I have some friends at the Universities who think I have praised the lady too abundantly; but Plenty herself could not gorge the stomach of a legitimate KEMBLE!

When

When Virtue exalted groans under oppression,
The turn of her eye gives a strength to expression;
Or poor ISABELLA, worn out with her woes,
And Misery-goaded, looks up for repose
To her BIRON's enrag'd and unnatural sire,
We all feel her pangs, and acknowledge her fire;
The tale of her sorrows is ably imprest,
And the heroine's wrongs fill the void of each breast:
All the force of Illusion attends on her will,
And the tears that gush forth—prove the test of her skill.
Our pulses flow faint, as the ear drinks her sigh,
While Murder and Savageness glare in her eye.

Her greatness is such that all classes adore it,
Like Africa's whirlwinds, it sweeps all before it:
She touches the boundaries of all we desire;
Her silence has sense, and her action has fire;
With a sacred lust she essays to be glorious,
And the fiat of Fame proves the effort victorious;
Like the heroes of Homer, her faculties shine,
Of whom half was human, the other divine.

Tho' I paint thus impassion'd her elegant picture,
The model has failings which merit a stricture!
She wants the fine taste of the great ALGAROTTI,
To soften the wildness of fam'd BONAROTTI;
Like the eminent MICHAEL, she scorns to be bland,
Her dashes are strokes—tho' unnatural, grand;
She pants that the Genius of Glory may find her,
But oft, in her haste, leaves—poor Reason behind her.

THALIA,

THALIA, too sportive to dwell in a tomb,
Long since fled her fancy, appall'd by its gloom;
As sable MELPOMENE watch'd at her birth,
And moulded her features repulsive to Mirth;
The dimples of Pleasure must SIDDONS resign;
Who's wedded cold Horror, and bow'd at her shrine:
For tho', with vast labor, she forces a smile,
'Tis a sickly exotic, unknown to the soil.
Some aver mirthful points in her sentiments flow,
As we say the *stones give* who have nought to bestow:
When she smiles no blythe Grace on her countenance sits,
When she laughs, 'tis not joy, but a laugh amid fits!

Yet wondrous! there are, whose egregious zeal.
Perverts what they see, and defeats what they feel;
They tell us her LOVEMORE's the type of perfection,
Unsham'd by the clamor of public detection.
—'Tis the lie of the day, a mere falsehood diurnal,
Which Fame will, indignant, erase from her journal:
Like a Will-o'-th'-Whisp, they go forth to betray,
And lead simple Nature far out of the way;
Till fatigu'd and bemir'd, she struggles for light,
And Truth clears the mist which had clouded her sight.

But hapless is he, who, to Folly a minion,
Will yield up his senses to take her opinion:
'Tis fretting the mind her caprice to obey,
When the merit of yesterday's doubted to-day;
For those men whom our sires have lauded, with pride
Their sons have assail'd, and defil'd, and decry'd:

And

And the mind's poor infirmities dash'd from their throne,
Forgetting the weakness that lives in their own.

—Poor † HAYLEY weaves verse in Antipathy's loom,
To murder the guardians of Warburton's Tomb !
He wounds, unabash'd, the repose of the dead,
And the laurel, once sacred, demands from the head;
As Prejudice, like a vile gipsy, sits jaded,
Untwisting that texture which Honor had braided.

But Folly's wild impulse has delug'd the nation,
And o'er-run the land like a foul inundation ;
In her vanity firm the nymph blunders along,
Tho' prov'd to be nine times in ten in the wrong;
And who but laments such a Minx has the power
To consecrate Fashion, tho' e'en for an hour ?

How Famine and Murder will moan when they miss her,
How Demons and Goblins cling round her and kiss her!
How the hell-born in crowds peep thro' fissures of earth,
And wipe their rheum'd eyes to see Siddons stab Mirth !
While the triumphant heroine stretches her throat,
And the screech-owl looks anger'd she's borrow'd her note.

Her ROSALIND was—(but, alas! who'd suppose
That Judgment and Siddons were ever such foes?)
A tragical, comical, farcical creature,
The offspring of Pride, and the alien of Nature!

† WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq. of Eartham, in Sussex, one of
the numerous *genteel poets* of the present age, who have judgment
without genius, and harmony without thought.

D

Then

Then the Lamb and the Tiger were oddly united,
Till the ear clos'd her caves, and the eye was affrighted:
Such hoarse awful accents were never design'd
To lighten those cares which obtrude on the mind:
As Fate a creator like SHAKESPEARE would send us,
From such a vile martyrdom Heaven defend us!
She oft fills in thought a vast compass of action,
When her fame's but expanded by false rarefaction.
If Flattery lies in some gross attestation,
Bid the actress recede from the foul adulation,
As she suffers the witch (to deformity blind)
To abridge by vile spells her great powers of mind:
Like a sorceress dire her charms she dispenses,
Encircles her progress, and birdlimes her senses.
Base nymph, tho' she courts with a passion rapacious,
Her praise is disease, and her smiles are fallacious.

It is piteous that Avarice ere should deform
A mind to the sorrows of fiction so warm:
It sullies the face of her high reputation,
As frost nips the buddings of young vegetation;
Her genius it sicklies, her faculties seizes,
It warps the affections, and amity freezes.
Like the winds at New Zembla, its icy-fraught dart
Shuts up every passage that leads to the heart.
It wars with the passions which rage in her breast,
And, like the Greek tyrant, subdues all the rest!

Mr.

Mr. PALMER.

OF PALMER the elder I'll give my opinion,
No man on the stage holds so wide a dominion;
Come Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, or what will,
He still gives a manifest proof of his skill;
From the BASTARD of SHAKESPEARE, and FACE of old
BEN,

To the dry namby-pamby of CUMBERLAND's pen.
He's the Muses' great hackney, on which both together
Oft pace thro' the Commons, in damn'd dirty weather.
Yet he still claims applause, tho' like Proteus he changes;
For equal to all, thro' the drama he ranges:
And bears with much ease its vast weight on his shoulders,

Till, like Atlas, his powers surprise all beholders.
So graceful his step, so majestic his nod,
He looks the descendant from Belvedere's god!
Yet he has his faults; and, who is there without 'em?
But his pride should take fire and instantly rout 'em;
Nor heed, tho' the effort should cost him some pain,
But puff them away like the chaff from the grain.

In stern DIONYSIUS his acting offends,
For Nature and PALMER in that are not friends:
Like the Rhodian Colossus he stalks round the stage,
Or arm'd gladiator intent to engage;
For his zeal damns his aims in this tragic employment,
As rakes from excess lose the edge of enjoyment:

He out-herods Herod—and tears his poor throat,
Till Harmony trembles at every note.
Tho' twelve-penny gods may with this be delighted,
Common Sense is alarm'd, and meek Reason affrighted!
—He shines in his JOSEPH, but more in his LYAR;
In that Human Nature can never go higher.
One would think, could a thought so deform'd be supported,

That the man from his cradle with Candor had sported.

Tho' fond of the sex, yet he's fonder of porter;
And Fame, tho' a woman, ne'er labor'd to court her:
But careless to please her, right onward he bustles,
And charms the frail nymph with Herculean muscles;
Who seizes the clarion, subdu'd by her wonder,
As the tones from its womb rend the ceiling asunder;
And frights the wild air with the sonorous clatter,
Till Reason peeps forward—to ask what's the matter?

Ere Love's gentle passion he'll deign to disclose,
His handkerchief ten times must visit his nose.
The proud sons of Gallia aver to our faces,
The actors of Britain are foes to the Graces:
Be PALMER the champion to mend the defection,
And boldly assert his high claim to perfection;
Permit them no longer to taunt and rebuke us,
And his handkerchief use—but to wipe off the *mucus*.

MISS FARREN.

SEE FARREN approach, whom the Fates have design'd
To fascinate hearts, and illumine mankind;
With myrtle-bound brows the gay nymph is advancing,
And rapt with her smiles the blithe kiddlings are dancing:

As the Sylvans pour forth, in their May vestments
dress'd,

Their flocks rove at will, and their cots are unblest'd;
Fond Zephyrs exhale, from the incense-fraught flowers,
The sweets of creation, to breathe on her hours!

Her port is seduction, her voice exiles pain,
And the mild social Virtues croud into her train;
They revel and sport 'neath her eyes' benign beam,
Correct her warm fancy, and sweeten her dream;
Despair leaves his cave, by her beauties imprest;
And Joy wounds the fiend that had sicken'd his breast:
Young poets for her have relinquish'd the bays,
And Eloquence pants with recording her praise:
See Pride kiss her sandals, and Apathy sighs,
And Honor implores, and Inconstancy dies.

To copy her frame, where divinity's seal is,
Would beggar the talents of fam'd Praxiteles.
See Psyche amaz'd as she turns to behold
Such excellence cast in so perfect a mould;
She trembles in thought, lest the force of such charms
The wanton young godling should tear from her arms.

Her form is celestial : she looks, Friend, between us,
A fourth lovely Grace, or the sister of Venus ;
The mistress of Spring, or the handmaid of Flora,
To cheer human-kind, like the rays of Aurora.

A simper bewitching irradiates each feature,
And the men all exclaim—What an angelic creature !
Such ease, such politeness, such wit unaffected,
A love-beaming eye, and that eye—well directed.

Bless'd orbs, where such infantine myriads are seen,
Disportively wanton in Love's magazine ;
New pointing their arrows with sedulous pains,
To triumph o'er Reason, and lead her in chains.
Amid Beauty's children superior she shone,
And Cupid's artillery plays round her zone.
As the bee quits the groves of Arabia, to sip
The honey of Hybla wick moistens her lip :
And Fame shews her Helen in dingy tradition,
And Hebe retreats to avoid competition.
Impell'd by Ambition, this nymph seiz'd the throne,
The birthright of Venus, but long since her own ;
And her wiles she dispenses from that envied station,
For the gods have confirm'd the divine usurpation.

Fortune seiz'd this fine wench, ere she said or she sung ;
As the Cock found the gem, amid reptiles and dung.
When the seeds of her being got warm with life's heat,
She broke with disdain from her Parents coarse seat.
Thus Anemones issue from filth-cumber'd tubs,
Thus beautiful Flies burst from pestilent Grubs !

At

At Vanity's altar she took the vile oaths,
And, like DUBERLY, owes all she's worth to her
clothes :

Her vests mend her frame, as the harp tunes the wind ;
She is manteau'd fallacious before and behind :
Tho' Contempt in her 'scutcheon can scarce make a blot,
Yet like wizards queer shapes, *all she is she is not !*

As an Actress, her powers to please are restricted,
Tho' Folly's gay offspring she's aptly depicted ;
For she *simpers* with glee where the dialogue centers,
And *smiles* when she leaves us, and *smiles* when she
enters ;

A strong wish to amuse her best judgment beguiling,
Like a clown at a show, she's *continually smiling* ;
Tho' her fine set of teeth partial courtesy brings,
From ridiculous Earls, and illustrious Things :
As she nods from the stage to her STANLEYS and FOXES,
To let the House see she is known in the boxes.
Yet distrusting the force of her parts and her pow'r,
She steals JORDAN's graces now every hour.
By a coronet damn'd which she sees in the air,
Now the Nymph is all arrogance, then all despair.
She breaks from Discretion to wonder and view it,
And mads while her eye-balls both ache to pursue it.
In TEAZLE, the springs of mild elegance move her,
But the sightless sweet EMMELINE, that's her *chef*
d'oeuvre.

MR.

MR. SMITH.

IN TOWNLEY, CHARLES SURFACE, and parts such
as those,

Where merit exists in deportment and clothes,
The well-bred Comedian gets thro' with great ease,
And sometimes delights us, but always must please.
He proves the full force of Queen Bess's narration,
For his face is a letter of recommendation.
With pleasure, with transport, the audience descry
The traits of benevolence beam in his eye;
But that's to a Briton superior to art,
'Tis a comment which tacitly honors the heart.
In the high paths of elegance, who dare aspire
To walk as his compeer, or copy his fire!
For Comedy pleasantly singled him out
As Her Gentleman-Usher, when giving a rout;
To regulate manners, pretensions, and places,
To model the awkward, and teach them new graces.

But Tragedy—that is a step 'yond his skill;
He may play it from duty, but should not from will.
No varying sounds from his eloquence flow,
To mark the gradations of gladness or woe;
But a tedious monotony hangs on the ear,
Discordant, if loud; and unmeaning, if clear;
Tho' Nature his person has form'd with great pride,
The grief-waking requisites all are denied:

Let-

Let him stick to his mistress, and eager enjoy her,
He may do a vast deal ere his efforts can cloy her.
Ere the sun of his theatric radiance was set,
He would blot o'er the page that contain'd a vast debt;
And the cause of his aggregate wealth half forgotten,
He wish'd the high ladder he'd mounted was rotten:
And tho' both the Muses 'mid honors had plac'd him,
Yet scoff'd the proud Ladies as nymphs who disgrac'd
him;
Ran alert from those scenes where his youth had been
spent,
And hurried 'mid jockeys to nourish content!!!

MRS. WRIGHTEN.

Our woes to diminish, and moments to brighten,
The Fates in good humor have sent us—a WRIGHTEN.
She knows the arcanum to marshal her wiles,
Seduce us with simp'ring, and win us with smiles;
The Nymphs crowd around, as the Fauns beat their
tabors,
And dance 'fore the chantress, and join in her labors;
Sweet Harmony mellows the notes with her shell,
And Echo redoubles each lay from her cell;
All ages and sexes unite to adore her;
Who sickens pale Envy as Care flies before her.
She adds ev'ry grace to the force of a jest,
Gives sense to her sound, and to wit a new zest:

Thro'

T'hro' Melody's mazes we easy can trace
The intent of her song—by the lines of her face :
Her arch comic spirit calls forth approbation,
Till the theatre shakes with the loud acclamation!

No wonder that wit she can forcibly feel,
Who's liv'd with Thalia long since *en famille* ;
Pray Fate that she long may be sportive on earth,
The prop of burlettas, and mistress of mirth ;
Of female comedians an excellent sample ;
Of Abigail singers the first great example !
But, bid her beware of too great an indulgence
Of tricks, that but mar her dramatic refulgence ;
Or, if prais'd by the million, grow sick of the cause
That led her to fame, and matur'd their applause ;
Lest she find, like some brides who such errors must
weep,

She can conquer a heart—that she wants sense to keep.
Those airs which to practise in Lucy she's just in,
If seen in all parts, will make all parts disgusting :
Bid her temper that strong constitutional pertness,
And call upon Reason to bound her alertness.

MR.

MR. JOHN KEMBLE.†

IN KEMBLE, behold all the shadows of learning,
An eye that's expressive, a mind half discerning :
Tho' the sense of the scene in its quickness must center,
Yet a pause must ensue, ere the hero will enter :
Well skill'd in the family secrets of mumming,
'Tis a trick that implies a great Actor is coming :
But the time that's prescrib'd for the art being out,
Then on rushes JOHN in an outrageous rout,
With a nice painted face, and a complacent grin,
Like an excellent sign to an ill-manag'd inn ;
With the lineal brow, heavy, dismal, and murky,
And shoulders compress'd, like an over-truss'd turkey.

Yet he has his merits, tho' crude and confin'd,
The faint sickly rays of—a half-letter'd mind.
Now excellence fascinates every sense,
Now failings appear which give judgment offence ;
In this all the force of the Actor is seen,
In that glares the Pedant, and damns all the scene ;
For the faults which from Nature he got in great store,
His pride and presumption have made ten times more.

From the deep springs of Science this Marsyas has sipt,
At a period of life when he could not be whipt

† It has been publicly observed repeatedly, that this gentleman is to me what CIBBER was to POPE. I think the similitude is not altogether perfect.

For the immature, silly adoption of errors,
As Modesty fled, and the rod had no terrors ;
When Douay's proud priests bid the Stripling be bolder,
And he press'd the cold cross to a bosom sill colder.

Those parts of short length should be ever his choice,
That his action may never out-distance his voice,
Which loses its tones at the end of a play,
Where rant and exertion by force hold the sway :
He has something too much the mechanical stare,
And bisects without mercy the ambient air ;
And martyrs the drama, and treads on its laws,
By seeming affectedly long in each pause :
Thrusts his arms too oft forward to mark an expression,
And sinks in his sounds ev'n too deep for digression :
O'erthrows in CHARLES SURFACE the axioms of Glee,
And labors to move from his hip, not his knee.
When KEMBLE and SIDDONS are raving together,
They both meet the sight, like snow-flakes in hard weather,
And lay claim to our praise in the very same tones,
The same ahs, the same ohs, the same starts, the same
groans !

It is brother and sister, and sister and brother,
As each keeps the shuttle-cock up for each other ;
Tho' the fami'y policy glares thro' such art,
It destroys the intent, it assails not the heart.

Stung deep in the brain by the Demon of scribbling,
Poor JOHN, like young mice in a cheese, will be nib-
bling ;

And

And, mounted on stilts, as a true son of Phœbus,
Gives his name to the world—in a rhyme or a rebus :
With tragedies tortur'd the public has cramm'd,
Which read, were but laugh'd at ; and, acted were
damn'd.

Like the vile amphisbæna, his verses assail,
For none can discover their head from their tail.

When once in a moon sombrous JOHN condescends,
For an-easy earn'd stipend, to glad all his friends ;
And bustling SIR GILES laughs and flounders by fits,
Like a Bedlamite bard, who has outliv'd his wits ;
Then the day that succeeds must produce his defence,
And KEMBLE and MASSINGER tease Common Sense.

Oh ! thrice happy age, when each dramatic elf
Can modestly weave such critiques—on himself ;
And tell with kind industry all but what's true,
And sing of conceptions—his mind never knew !

Time was, when the great Public Mind was the
cause,

From whence issued aught that gave fame or applause ;
But that Public long since have resign'd their opinion,
And insolent Folly assum'd the dominion.

Now Candor lies mould'ring 'mid bibles on shelves,
For Actors, like Indians, make idols themselves :
They forge the base lie, hissing hot from the brain,
And anatomize Truth in the villanous strain.

Then the scouts of the stage with th' intelligence fly,
And the press nightly groans with a sinister lie ;

E

'Till

Till the morn from its womb calls the monster away,
And the offspring of infamy sullies the day.

Like the sun now each Editor beams on his fool,
Of his follies the object, his passions the tool;
As he writes for his print what in dreams he supposes,
And celebrates Harlequin's—apotheosis.
But his noon-tide of flattery darts forth in rays
So intense, that Credulity's set in a blaze;
For Truth, Fame and Honor, they equally perish,
And scorch but the object they issued to cherish;
As the magical force that their pens can inspire,
Will ne'er raise the actor a single inch higher.
All faith we have lost in the arts necromantic,
And the man is the same, tho' the shade is gigantic.

Tho' callow novitiates the part may engage,
No HAMLET remains but his own on the stage:
He paints with discernment the woes of the youth,
And his tints are meek Nature's, corrected by Truth:
In particular scenes, even GARRICK, tho' vain,
Has fail'd so complete to delineate the DANE.
But he oft gives THALIA a stab in the vitals,
When his labors appear—but judicious recitals.
In his *novel* MACKBETH there are scenes which delight us,
And some which confound us, and some which affright us,
As he banqueting clenches his muscles material,
To bully poor BANQUO, who's nought and etherial.
His acting, like ore, if in parts 'tis survey'd,
We shall often see gold 'mid coarse matter inlaid.

Tho'

Tho' by Nature of elegant movements bereft,
 He's the best illustrator that SHAKESPEARE has left;
 In this dearth of desert few his claims will examine:
 Thus rats become dainties where God sends a famine.

Not content with receiving the debt that's his due,
 Still JOHN, in perspective, has others in view;
 And thinking his consequence needs some addition,
 Endeavours to subjugate all competition;
 And nibbles at rivals, and envies the men,
 Till the gail of his heart finds the way to his pen.
 With a true *Kemble stomach*, at all things he grapples,
 As boys will steal plumbs while they're chewing their apples.
 For Jealousy marks all the tribe with her greenness,
 As Merit is laboring to dignify Meanness;
 And force that respect by the impulse of Art,
 Which Nature's vile seeds have denied to the heart.
 — But who can efface what is written so plain
 By the pencil of Nature? Th' attempt were as vain
 To wash off the hue from the dark Ethiopian,
 Or realize schemes which are merely Utopian,
 As drive from the mind such unworthy desires,
 Where Envy and Hatred have kindled their fires!

MISS P O P E.

Who's that bustling female—so careful to tread
 With precision and rule, and a shake of the head?
 'Tis THALIA's old handmaid, the excellent POPE,
 Whose wishes have stray'd o'er the precincts of hope.'

E 2

See

See Fretfulness sits on the tip of her nose,
And rouge on her cheek has reviv'd that gay rose
Which Pain and Anxiety long since had faded,
When Love's genial flame her young bosom invaded.

In tattling old spiasters she now has no equal,
(But that is a truth will be felt in the sequel;
When, laden with honors, and wounded by age,
The veteran Fair bids adieu to the Stage.)
A key to their follies she's got by affinity,
And knows all the struggles of hapless virginity;
The colours that mark them on Hope's dark privation,
Their yellow despondence, and green desperation:
The flirt of the fan, when young beauties are near 'em,
Their high-born disdain, if keen Satire should fleer 'em;
Those evils unnumber'd which goad them each hour,
And the talent to rail at the grapes which are sour.
She adjusts her person—puts one hand in t'other,
And smiles when a wicked effusion she'd smother:
The Passions run round her to creep in her train,
Till they saw the fat wench tread on Sympathy's chain;
Then scudded despairing to coerce a heart
Which Plutus had sheath'd to repel Cupid's dart.

When Pleasure and Ease had seduc'd to their arms
Convivial CLIVE, and the stage lost her charms;
The jest-loving muse was alarm'd at the story,
And fearing a rapid decline of her glory,
Deputed her POPE, as successor of CLIVE,
To keep poignant Wit and gay Laughter alive.

Mr.

MR. D O D D.

Behold sprightly DODD amble light o'er the stage,
 And mimic young fops in despite of his age !
 He poises his cane 'twixt his finger and thumb,
 And trips to the fair, with a jut of the bum.
 To see such an insect make love to the ladies,
 Declares that profession—the bulk of their trade is :
 He's been dipt in Salamcis enervating spring,
 Which changes progressive the man to a—thing :
 With a vacant *os frontis*, and confident air,
 The minikin manikin prates debonair :
 As QUIN said of DERRICK, when making a rout,
 You might take an extinguisher, and put him out.
 He exhibits MERCUTIO's juvenile airs,
 With a face charg'd with woe, like a pauper at prayers ;
 And so martyrs Queen Mab, and the consequent wit,
 That we doubt if the text's what our SHAKESPEARE once
 writ.

We may swear from his mien, that his humour was
 cast

In the light moulds of Fashion, full thirty years past ;
 In such acting we look on no effort that new is,
 As he steers in midway between CIBBER and LEWIS ;
 Partaking of both, as all authors agree,
 The Crocodile steals from the land and the sea ;
 And varies in nought from our grandmother's beaus,
 But the curls on his pate, and the cut of his cloaths.

Yet his DRUGGER defies the stern critic's detection,
And his AGUE CHEEK touches the edge of perfection,

Mrs. CROUCH.

IF Music hath charms to subdue the wild breast,
And fascinate Care from the mind that's distressed,
Let the children of Misery haste in a throng,
Surround lovely CROUCH, and attend to her song!

Her accents flow gently, as translucent rills,
Her breath emits odour like newly-mown hills;
The force of her lays, like the Thracian lyre,
Can fierceness subdue, and the savage inspire;
They steal every sense from the finger of Sorrow,
And the wretch puts off Care, like a dun, till to-morrow;
They soothe the wild ravings of tyrannic rage,
And from Avarice turn the embraces of age.
It stops infant Sin in the path of perdition,
And binds by its spells the foul demon Ambition.
'Tis soft as the gentle Favonius blows,
To awaken the sweets of the opening rose.
E'en Philomel listens to catch from her tune
New graces to carol, at eve, to the Moon.

If SYLVIA, innocent nymph, sings her pains,
What blandishments live in her harmonious strains!
When Dryden's gay Venus comes on with a smile,
To chant the best boons of her favorite isle,
The soul of great Purcel bursts forth from the tomb,
And, listening, flutters with joy round the dome.

By

By her voice are the precepts of Wisdom supply'd,
 And the Stoic's disrob'd of his weakness and pride;
 For the heart's tender sentinel's caught by surprise,
 And Love gives the wound by which Apathy dies.

When Æolus ruffles the wings of the wind,
 The sapphire-plum'd Halcyon flits to her mind;
 There, nestled with Peace, no rude storms can resist her,
 When couch'd by the veil of each cardinal sister.

Mr. MOODY.

HERE comes lazy MOODY—that indolent elf
 Seems lost in the deep contemplation of self;
 A *noli me tangere* sits on each feature,
 Repelling the wishes of social good nature:
 Approaching this wight, ere your wish you rehearse,
 By instinct the man—claps his hand on his purse:
 Go ask him his health, as—How are you, Sir, pray?
 He'll answer—The Stocks, Friend—is that what you
 say?

By the Lord, man, they fell half an eighth yesterday.

To laziness wedded, no passions can warm,
 For he sleeps like a Belgian lake in a storm;
 By his meanness subdu'd, his ambition is o'er,
 And he crawls on the stage—but to add to his store.
 What makes this grey Thespian eschew scenic glory?
 Has he munch'd a *torpedo*, and thought it a *dory*?

'Tis ascertain'd easy, by plain Common Sense,
 He's a Swiss in the drama, and fights for the pence:

No.

No laudable motive, no love of the art,
 Gives force to his judgment, or warmth to his heart.
 He jogs the same trot he did ten years before,
 Contented to know—two and two will make four.
 Unknown to the Muses, and Excellence scorning,
 He sighs for the stipend, and Saturday morning.
 How curst must that dolt be, pursuing his pelf,
 Who abdicates heaven to lean on himself!
 So insatiate is Avarice, Philosophers fear it—
 Like Charybdis it swallows all streams that come near it.

When I think of the worth of this veteran stager,
 His COMMODORE FLIP and HIBERNIAN MAJOR,
 It mads me to see that the man is contented
 To skulk to his tomb by each muse unlamented.
 As he knows he can charm us whenever he'll please,
 'Tis a shame he gets fat and enjoys so much ease!

Mrs. JORDAN.

Behold sportive JORDAN, that favourite fair,
 Who was sent by kind Fate to avert your despair:
 With her you've successfully baited your trap;
 She's in truth the best feather you have in your cap.
 How you got her, to me, I must own, is a wonder!
 When I think of your natural aptness to blunder.
 She must have been forc'd on you, maugre your sighing,
 As they give children physic in spite of their crying.

Be wise, if you wish she should add to your store,
 Let her put on MELPOMENE's buskins no more.

Tho'

Tho' the Scion could play ev'ry character well,
You should keep her in those where she's own'd to excel;

For IMOGEN'S woes, or fair VIOLA'S wit,
The decrees of Propriety mark'd her unfit:
Let her polish those talents which Heaven has sent her,
And the ROMP prove the climax to MOODY'S TOR-

MENTOR.

Be that her *ne plus*—keep her actions in view,
Lest she wander in labyrinths wanting a clew.
As she's mounted the summit of public applause,
Preserve her importance and husband the cause.
Go, copy the priesthood, their stratagems mind,
They know every path to the hearts of mankind.
As the good saint of Naples is kept in a den,
To be shewn to the mob as a charm—now and then;
E'en thus keep your actress—whose well-tim'd inaction
Will only redouble her force and attraction.
Depend on't, like spendthrifts, incaution will hurt you,
For magnets oft us'd will lose much of their virtue.
When the gentle HYPOLITA, PHILIP entreats,
The tones of her voice are all freighted with sweets:
Persuasion has not a more potent ally,
Should Discernment allude to her tongue or her eye:
A non-descript poignancy brightens her speech,
If she prates to allure or declaims to beseech;
MATILDA'S solicitude's pictur'd with force,
Tho' mild, energetic—tho' manlike, not coarse:

'Mid

'Mid the wilds of blithe Nature she wanders alone,
 And oft gathers flowrets to Culture unknown.
 Fascination keeps guard near each haunt where she dwells,
 And has hung the nymph round with indefinite spells.
 In NELL sportive Nature's rude habits are shown,
 And the rose of vulgarity flushes full blown.
 Not a ray issues forth from her keen sable eye,
 But gives all the race of Refinement the lye.
 The *broad jolly rapture* she paints with such truth,
 That Surliness grins, and bares wide his foul tooth :
 Yet her name's not been rais'd by illiberal arts,
 She came 'fore the audience, and rush'd to their hearts :
 Their feelings acknowledg'd the nymph could inspire,
 And fann'd the faint embers which glimmer'd with fire.
 For there are, like your transparent paintings design'd,
 Who derive half their worth from the light that's behind—
 All honest encomium seems buried for ever,
 As the Prints of the day must substantiate what's clever :
 —If a hero comes forward a claimant on Glory,
 He rises or falls—by the force of their story.
 Tho' their praise, like thermometers, Causes subdue,
 For it mounts, be the heat *artificial* or *true* ;
 And if, from their page, ev'ry judgment you quote,
 They clash like the colours on Joseph's fam'd coat.
 This hour to sleep all the critics implore him,
 In the next, he eclipses—whate'er went before him.
 —Thus shameless they vitiate the taste of the age :
 By such base manœuvres men rise on the stage.

To

To acquire this fame, they must give great rewards,
 Tho' such glory is built like a castle with cards,
 Which younglings erect for the rapture of viewing,
 But, touch'd by the finger of Truth—falls to ruin :
 'Tis a transient meteor, an air-fashion'd bubble,
 Which bursts in despite of their toil and their trouble.

In the theatre's womb, on a probation night,
 All the critic battalions in terror unite,
 And tho' potent absurdities neither can see,
 All clam'rous dispute 'bout an A or an E;
 Prate of sound, sense and diction, with national pride,
 And what Scotchmen call perfect the Irish deride :
 Thus on Reason's establishment none can be quiet,
 But wrangle in groups like the Polanders Diet.

MR. BENSLEY.

Hear BENSLEY, whose hollow and sepulchral note
 Seems heav'd from the lungs, to be forc'd thro' the throat :
 He strides in the scene with magnanimous air,
 And accompanies woe—with a start and a stare !
 From the pale GHOST OF HAMLET his graces he borrows,
 And equally stalks in his joys and his sorrows ;
 Be it PIERRE, or IAGO, there needs not a chorus,
 To tell us the GHOST is still walking before us !
 He steps in such measure, each critic accords,
 That he pays more attention to walking than words :
 Each thought seems absorb'd in arranging his figure,
 He swells, as still wishing to look ten times bigger.

With

The mate of her bosom, poor nymph, she has lost,
And the transports of love are by destiny crost.

Who is there that would not endeavour to bless
A mind so enfeebled by social distress;
So torn by its pangs in religion's despite,
So young, yet shut out from domestic delight?
—With joy would I fly round the globe for relief,
Or extenuate aught that could add to her grief:
I'd bathe every wound her Creator has giv'n,
And step 'twixt her peace and the arrows of Heaven.

Ye casuist tribes, tell us, why are we born
Predestin'd to drag thus a being forlorn?
Say, why should we suffer, unconscious of ill,
Or sigh, when a crime is unknown to the will;
But, fix'd in a fragile responsible state,
Must answer for vices we did not create!

Dear sister, may you and the nymph never sever!
Be kind to her sorrows—I'll love you for ever.

MR. PARSONS.

OF Wit, see the harbinger break on the day,
Whose jokes banish Care, and make Misery gay.
'Tis PARSONS, who oft the dull moment beguiles,
The father of Mirth, and the patron of Smiles:
When he opens his mouth, the wide throng feel the jest,
And who but must laugh to hear wit with such zest?
In his features the satire we all can descry:
Like Champaign it sparkles, and brightens his eye:

F.

When

When Hygeia frowns, his importance is seen;
 Then how dull is THALIA, how mawkish the scene!
 All his substitutes mangle the parts which they play,
 And make us regret such a man must decay;
 Then BARTHOLO hangs by Pandora suspended,
 And GREEDY'S vast pleasantries seem to have ended.
 From his eye-ball Good Humor emits her best gleam,
 And his mind seems expanded as Day's broadest beam.
 To be rapt with his FORESIGHT, Perfection's own child,
 I'd cross, maugre thorns, the Siberian wild:
 Or climb the high Andes unblest'd with a guide,
 For the judgment assents when the laugh shakes the side.
 When Death on poor PARSONS shall e'er turn the table,
 Gay Momus in heaven will put on his sable;
 The eyes of gaunt Envy shall beam with delight on't,
 And Spleen, when unfetter'd, with drink make a night
 on't.

MISS K E M B L E.

HARK! what shouting is this that disturbs the calm day?

See Satyrs and Sorcerers croud all the way.
 'Tis an idiot, or driv'ler, the cavalcade tells,
 For maddening Folly is tinkling her bells;
 As the Magi their foul incantations prepare,
 And with seeds of the *mania* impregnate the air!
 See the Heroine comes—mark the wondrous detail,
 As Fashion elate snuffs the poisonous gale,—

Amazing

Amazing! a third! lo, here's KEMBLE again,
With KEMBLES on KEMBLES they've chok'd Drury-
Lane;

The family rubbish have seiz'd public bounty,
And Kings, Queens and Heroes pour forth from each
county:

The barns are unpeopled—their half-famish'd sons
Waste the regions of Taste like th' irruption of Huns.
Like th' Hamaxobii tribes, whom Fatigue cannot tire,
They've starv'd, pray'd and ranted, from shire to shire;
But cash is the magnet that draws them from far,
'Tis the god of their race, and their grand polar star.

In acting her efforts excite but our sadness,
Like EDMUND's orations, her works prove her madness.
As well might you pass for a Titus, Domitian,
LORD GEORGE as a saint, or FUSELI a Titian:
The rough bosom of FOX for the breast of a fowl,
Or the wig of SAM PARR for the nest of an owl:
Iron THRUMBO as foul Fornication's best friend,
Or the world we inhabit a world without end:
Sly DUNDAS for an oaf lame in Policy's rear,
Or MOUNTMORRES the *bigb* for a Monmouth-Street Peer;
Lank SAWBRIDGE's face for a pine with the peel on,
Or Zoobditty match for the spices of Ceylon;
The lanes of Fleet-Ditch for the city of Cnidus,
Or the eyes of JOHN WILKES for the *Georgium Sidus*:
Or the thistles of Forth for the *fleur-de-lis*,
Or oily FRANK GROSE for the flippant VESTRIS,

As her for ALICIA. The attempt, on my word,
Is impudent, ignorant, gross, and absurd;
And proves for true sterling a vile succedaneum,
Like delft for the pott'ry of old Herculaneum!
'Tis an insult to Reason—a vile imposition,
As e'er liv'd in tale, or grey-headed Tradition.
But the girl surely maddens with vainness or woe:
Send ALICIA to WARD, and the wench to—MONRO.

When ROWE's glorious scenes, which from Nature he
drew,

And SHORE's hapless fortunes are plac'd in our view,
'The sisters assume the great cast of the play,
And, as heroines both, they must both lead the way.
As one treads the boards by fair Genius attended,
With t'other's presumption the house is offended;
'Tis a feast of strange viands, an incomplete dish,
Where the flesh is destroy'd by the fumes of the fish;
'Tis eating a haunch amid nausea and dirt,
'Tis wearing lac'd ruffles without any shirt;
'T's purchasing trash most outrageously dear,
'Tis washing down turtle with maukish small beer:
It is—but comparison falls far abaft her,
And Folly, triumphant, indulges her laughter.
No wonder in sickness for credit you seek,
When beings like that have Ten Guineas a-week.
—But hearing the sum, see! the Muses turn pale,
And meek Probability shrinks at the tale;

Amazement

Amazement with wonder aghast lifts her head,
And Excellence sighs in Humility's shed.

If Prudence attempts to develope the cause,
She's silenc'd by one who can o'erleap your laws :
The SIDDONS exclaims—Know that FANNY's my sister;
And knowing but that, tell me who dare resist her ?

Permit ye an Actress to wield your state sceptre,
When riches of Gratitude thus have bereft her?
Ye managers, rise from foul Lethargy's den,
Tho' unfit to be kings, shew the world you are men
Admit humble Merit to peep on your stage,
And let not proud Insolence hoodwink the age ;
Make the sisters fill parts as their faculties suit,
Let one play the Victim—the other—be mute.

How many act parts full of bustle and racket,
And arrogate madly the Harlequin jacket!
See BOSWELL (but who for such drudg'ry more fit ?)
Collect the vile refuse of poor JOHNSON's wit ;
And fir'd with zeal, for the scavenger's warm on't,
Indite what SAM did, when his wisdom lay dormant :
When Hate bare'd his heart and bade Ridicule show it,
When his wounds urg'd his tongue to growl CHUR-
CHILL's no poet!

Lo! he dresses the excrement tawdry, tho' true,
And the errors of greatness exposes to view ;
Then mounts the Leviathan's back in full motion,
And, holding his tail, ventures forth in the ocean ;

Where 'plung'd in deep waters—alas ! what a whim,
Bellows forth to mankind—how we geniusses swim !

But JOHN BULL is a beast, for who will may e'en ride him,
And Folly and Fashion each moment bestride him ;
They stroke the base brute, as their views they dissemble,
From dingy BUZAGLO to modest JOHN KEMBLE

Ridiculous Isle !—for imposture so fit
Where the sponge of Credulity soaks up their wit ;
Where ideots are honor'd, and GRAHAMS can lecture,
And Vice scoff at morals, yet none will detect her !
But the TOWN oft uplifts that vile varlet who bilks 'em,
And Worth brings the cows, tho' 'tis Knavery milks 'em.
Thus your methodist tribes make their order a jest,
For half become brethren—to plunder the rest.

MR. CHARLES BANNISTER.

Avaunt, ye pale crew ! Care's black altars adorning,
And flit like the mists from the beams of the morning.
Behold laughing CHARLES, great Anacreon's own son !
Whose brow's wreath'd with ivy, his drinking has won.
By the Grecian inspir'd, he's blisful and gay,
As he journeys thro' life. Love and Wine lead the way.
He's beckon'd to bliss by the wiles of gay Venus,
And hail'd to the joys of the glass by Silenus ;
Till CHARLES, like Alcides, is pos'd to obey
The impulse of a heart, where they both hold the sway.

So tuneful his pipe, so mellifluous its sound,
It unpeoples the groves, and the fawns flock around ;

The

The herds leave their browsings and list to his strains,
Even Pan and the Dryads fly swift from the plains.
The blythe purple god, whose oblation inspires,
And gives back to age all its amorous fires ;
High flush'd with delight, lauds the song from his seat^d
And the tigers, unyok'd, lick the minstrel's feet ;
As roseate wild Bacchantes in ecstasy twine
His locks with the tendrils they've torn from the vine.
He seizes young Joy, and, arresting his pow'r,
Appoints him the guardian to flit round his hour,
To crush palsied Care, with his train of offences,
And human infirmity shut from his senses ;
The full festive goblet he plies in quick measure,
And Laughter attends as the chorus of Pleasure ;
And loosens elated the springs of the soul,
And empties with glee the nectareous bowl ;
With ecstasy tastes ev'ry blessing that's in it,
And swift analyses the bliss of the minute ;
Then plunders from Plenty the gifts of each season !
As gay *vive l'amour* forms the creed of his reason ;

Like a prostitute changeling dame Fortune he worries,
Her bounty abuses, her passions he flurries ;
And receives her choice gifts as the fruit of a whim,
Which Caprice showers careless on lordlings or him ;
But the minx still adores, tho' the varlet thus treats her,
And, like Rinsian ladies, grows fond—'cause he beats her.

In thunder harmonious, his cadences roll,
And the full tide of Melody pours on the soul ;

His

His tones the cold breast of Frigidity warming,
Are audible, sonorous, manly and charming.

In the STRANGERS AT HOME, (a strange medley indeed !

Where jest, noise and nonsense each other succeed,
Compos'd of strange oddities jumbled together,
Like men in a porch, to avoid rainy weather :
Where wonder meets wonder, and plot on plot thickens,
As Nature recedes and Inquiry sickens ;
Where Reason, poor nymph, is stuck fast in a bog,
Or like the Egyptians immers'd in a fog ;
Where Folly, with fond expectation looks big,
To see Truth overthrown, or the Poles dance a jig.)—
There CHARLES, like a monster, is muzzled in spirit,
And dragg'd forth to growl at the funeral of Merit,
With a *strange* group of mortals, escap'd from *strange*
 dangers,

Where he is the *strangest* by far'mid the *Strangers*..

How different the man, when, impervious to duns,
Rosy CHARLES o'er his wine manufactures his puns,
As the clock's tatt'ling pendulum hints in the nick,
That *Time* flies away, and he's running—on *tick*!
But he conquers all thoughts of the *first*, by a bumper,
And laughs at the *last*—till it mounts to a thumper!

MRS. HOPKINS.

HERE comes antique HOPKINS, a piece of stage lum-
ber,
Who fills up a niche, and adds one to the number;
Like

Like vases arrang'd o'er the chimney for show,
She closes a void, and makes perfect the row.
But a sameness prevails in all parts that she plays,
And sameness in acting's repulsive to praise !
For struggling to shew the great test of her skill,
The effort is vain, and—'tis HEIDLEBURGH still.
When she fails, 'tis apparent she did not intend it ;
The fault is in Nature, she cannot ammend it ;
Who mix'd in her juices the HEIDLEBURGH drop,
Which, like corks in a river, will swim at the top.

MR. JAMES AICKIN.

With strong sensibility, wakeful and keen,
See AICKIN advance, with a complacent mien ;
Few Actors have e'er better known Nature's laws,
And, learning her dictates, have got less applause.
When the parent comes forth to admonish his child,
What player can do it in accents so mild ?
His periods with gentle persuasion are hung,
As the fruit of philanthropy drops from his tongue :
When CLARISSA's good father's impell'd to reprove,
'Tis the warmth of resentment corrected by love ;
As the noble conceptions which flow from his breast,
Are with all the true force of the Christian imprest.
His FREEPORT's an instance of mercantile good,
For his tenets of honor add warmth to the blood ;
We give him most gladly the tributes of praise,
And accompany all that he does and he says.

Mrs.

MRS. FOSTER.

Who's that laurel'd Honor is forcing along?
 'Tis FOSTER, meek nymph, who exists but in song;
 Like the Medicis statue, to Decency true,
 Her wishes seem bent to recede from the view.

An air of mild elegance marks ev'ry motion,
 At Modesty's shrine the coy nymph pays devotion;
 And should find the effects of such laudable duty,
 A strong counter-balance for personal beauty.
 Her tones in sweet melody solace the ear,
 Like a murm'ring riv'let---not deep, but yet clear;
 Tho' her merits won't bear the stern critic's inspection,
 Her gentleness tacitly pleads for protection.

MR. PACKER.

Behold hoary PACKER, grown grey on that soil,
 Where we've long known him *little great Roscius's* foil
 For e'en GARRICK the weakness of Nature partook,
 And squar'd half his actions from Jealousy's book.

That he hated all genius which blaz'd to excel,
 Could POWELL or HENDERSON speak, they would tell.
 When he peeps on the stage the dull wight comes too
 soon---

Like Michaelmas day, to a moneyless loon.

Lo! he looks like pale Thrift, when he duns for a
 debt,
 Or a woeful Whereas, in the London Gazette;

Or

Or the herald of Ill, with an aspect suspicious,
 And muscles deep-furrow'd, and brow inauspicious :
 As one who feels pangs, and who feeling would yelp it,
 Who knows the world bad, and yet knowing can't help it;
 Who can fortell a storm that is three weeks behind,
 Like a Laplander's trull, or a pig 'mid the wind.

I pry'thee, dear sister, bid PACKER retire
 To a wide easy chair, and a warm social fire ;
 Let him spend his last days unembitter'd by pain,
 Smoke his pipe, and reflect on the Kings he has slain :
 There, touch'd by Garrulity—hapless disease,
 Let him praise what he's seen, and lament what he sees;
 Let him talk of his CIBBERS, his CLIVES, and his

QUINS,

And now and then break Possibility's shins.
 Let him add to their honors some friendly addition,
 And redden, if Moderns should name competition ;
 But if his theatric crust he will mumble,
 You must pity the man when the actor shall stumble.

MRS. POWELL.

THE Indians believe, when the skies belch a flame,
 And the big murmur rolls, and the earth shakes its frame,
 That the Globe trembling bows with an awful affright,
 While the GREAT GOD is passing in *thunder and light* !
 Tho' Philosophy smiles at the nature-caught terror,
 Resignation draws bliss from the ashes of Terror ;

Pert

Pert Knowledge scoffs those who in semblances trust,
 If the Savage is wrong, yet the impulse is just:
 Like those Indians the AUDIENCE believe what they
 see,

And realize horrors which never could be ;
 That is the *gross million* who sit to be fed,
 With wonders unknown to the living or dead !
 Their bliss is half built on what's falsely conceiv'd,
 And 'tis well for the buskin'd they're easy deceiv'd.

I have seen her ALICIA, and saw it with pleasure,
 It was adding to Trage ly's bank a great treasure ;
 She made so much of it, she scarce could make more,
 I thought of it well, tho' 'twas SIDDONS play'd *Shore* !
 That nurse, that purveyor, that mother of woe,
 Whose heart's Portland stone, and its streams melted
 snow ;

Who feeds with a shovel the mouth of Despair,
 Who fine-draws a scream till it dies in the air.

'Mid the clash of the Passions, this elegant stager,
 Should know that the *minor* must bend to the *major* :
 Like colours on pallets, each trait of the mind
 Must aid the main movement, like relatives kind :
 Oft the red and the white, and the black and the blue,
 Must be mingled, to give scenic beauty a hue :
 Thus accordant contraries make sanative food,
 And apt coalesce for the general good.

Bid her think all these dogmas not harsh, but amus-
 ing,

As the *clay* must be burnt ere the *brick's* fit for using.

MR.

MR. BADDELY.

WITH crab-apple phiz, and a brow that's disdainful,
 See BADDELY smile with fatigue that is painful ;
 From his dissonant voice, and the form of each feature,
 You'd swear him the favorite child of Ill-nature;
 The semblance of love in a mind so saturnine,
 Like china embellishments, Labor must burn in.
 Thus Nero would frown when he Mercy dismay'd,
 Thus Herod appear'd when Humanity pray'd.
 He's as gentle as Th*****, as well-manner'd too,
 Half his answers run thus—~~I~~I'll be d——n'd if I do !
 He opes in idea Malignity's sluices,
 He curdles our milk, and he sours our juices :
 He affects a disdain for those Heroes who grapple
 For Beauty's embrace or Hesperian apple ;
 His front is so grim, should Taste see it 'twould shock her,
 'Twas hewn as a model for Tyranny's knocker.
 The brow of his eye fearful Gentleness saddens :
 And the young troop of Paphos his apathy maddens ;
 From those chains of our state Love and Hope is exempt,
 And can parry all ills but—the dart of contempt !
 Yet I never could find, tho' he's turgid and rough,
 That God shap'd his heart of contemptible stuff.

He snarls through his parts, be they easy or hard,
 Like a mastiff that's chain'd to bay thieves from a yard.
 Tho' none the misanthrope can copy so well,
 As an actor, he's slovenly—Candor must tell ;

And changes his dress in so careless a hurry,
 He looks near as dingy as F— or Lord S—y ;
 And abhors that strong prejudice rais'd against dirt,
 Which forces a man to put on a clean shirt :
 As a commerce, where Freedom for Fashion we barter,
 And poison the essence of Runnymede Charter.
 Bid him turn Zoroaster's disciple, I pray,
 And wash his anatomy five times a day.
 His enacting coarse BRAINWORM's a noble exertion,
 And POLONIUS and TRINCULO feed our diversion.

MISS G E O R G E .

SEE GEORGE in the sweet paths of Melody tread,
 By dull, frigid Insensibility led :
 Tho' careless to please, her meek essays delight,
 For she charms the rude throng, e'en in Dulness despite.—

Had her gentle strains join'd the Syrens' fell band,
 Ulysses had row'd to their dangerous land ;
 His Prudence had fled and his Wisdom had slept,
 And Juno had rav'd and Minerva had wept :
 Then his name had not shone in the immortal story,
 And Ithaca's matron had sigh'd for his glory.

Its anodyne powers the sick'ning make cheery,
 And tear off the chain from the mind of the weary ;
 By her soft, blissful sonnets, all bosoms inspiring,
 Even Spleen grows diseas'd—and Despair lies expiring.
 As the lark chants at sun-rise his diurnal pray'r,
 All her loud liquid notes charge the babbling air ;

The

The sounds were not sweeter when Thebes' famous walls
 Obey'd the soft magic of Harmony's call;
 For spells may be said to exist in that tone,
 Whose graces can conquer all hearts—but her own,
 Cecilia thus warbled the heaven-fraught line,
 For her song was ador'd ere the nymph was divine.

MR. JOHN BANNISTER.

Who's this that comes forward and squeezes his hat,
 Then recedes with a bow, smiles, smirks, and all that?
 'Tis the smart younger BANNISTER, flush'd in a pother,
 To turn to a jest ev'ry dramatic brother.
 Pray let him speak Prologues, and drop such a measure:
 It props not his fame, if it adds to his pleasure.

He has long strove to build him a high reputation,
 On an unstable basis, I mean—*imitation*;
Imitation's a weak and a dang'rous endeavor
 On other's demerits to win public favor;
 And speaks a low mind, most egregiously prone
 To catch Folly's errors, and make them our own;
 An expedient that oft keeps the blockheads in tune:
 But the man it degrades, tho' it suits the buffoon.
 That the head is too soft, 'tis a tacit confession;
 For, like melting wax, it receives each impression:
 Like evil companions, it poisons each station;
 We cannot shake off the foul communication:
 Like the arts of a juggler, its excellence lies
 In casting a film 'tween our reason and eyes;

In artfully stealing 'twixt sight and conception ;
Till, pleas'd with the trick, we applaud the deception.

The toil which last twelvemonth would happily do,
He's amended by art in th' epoch ninety-two.

'Thus 'tis said that the rattlesnake every year
Gains a subsequent charm to enslave the rapt ear :
He has cast off some habits which Truth would not see,
As by lopping the branch we give health to the tree :
For that nymph could not then be more mark'd by her
shyness,

Whenthey call the *low* son of a Monarch his HIGHNESS.

Amid all the younglings which strut on the stage,
JOHN BANNISTER mixes most wit in his rage ;
There's a Genius sports round him, whose rays gild his state,
His compeers may *copy*, but he can create ;
His DABBLE's an effort Joy adds to her store,
His LA GLOIRE is a being we ne'er saw before !
He promises largely, from what we perceive,
And the more we survey him, the more we believe :
'Tho' his tragical bouncing, and blust'ring, and bellowing,
Tell loudly and truly, his judgment wants mellowing.
Ere the buddings of Thought mark'd the traits of the youth,
She lav'd the bright boy in the waters of Truth ;
Wash'd that filth with which Error incrusts simple young-
lings,

Uprighted his measures, and charm'd him from bunglings :
To a Parent's worn anchor he fix'd a new cable,
He's Morality's servant, tho' ne'er cas'd in sable:

He'll

He'll practise, not preach, yet the biped lives well,
And his modesty hides what the Virtues would tell.
I view'd him *at first* as the eye views the Sun,
When he peeps from the east and his course is begun;
When a beam scarce distinguish'd breaks in on the sight,
And we feel satisfaction unmix'd with delight;
Till progressive the luminous minister rises,
Illumes us and vivifies, glads and surprises.

MRS. STORACE.

LIKE a proud Sallee Rover with canvass unfurl'd,
This nymph rush'd to navigate round a base world;
While Zephyrs the sails of her stateliness fann'd,
She was tawdrily rigg'd, but most enviably mann'd;
Thus she cleav'd the salt main with peculiar pride,
Till a REPTILE adher'd to her billow-wash'd side;
There it kiss'd, clung and canker'd with sedulous art,
And tho' knotty and tough made ITS way to her heart!

With her jigs and her jerks and her tartness of manner,
She has form'd a *new corps*, and uprais'd her own banner.
She's a pye-bald exotic our ballad lays chanting,
But her *naivete's* triumphant where beauty is wanting;
She has fire unfelt by the common knit throng,
And happily mingles her *mind* with her song;
When Malady gor'd this gay wench with her lance,
And hush'd her *cadenza* and fetter'd her dance;
Tho' she'd charm'd us so oft on your merit-worn spot,
Her graces, and almost her name, were forgot!

No longer the PUBLIC on Honor's crumbs feeds,
 For the tablet of Fame has been scrawl'd with misdeeds.
 Acts of excellence now pass from birth to despair,
 Like the arrow which whizzes and cuts the quick air;
 Then the atmosphere closes—'tis done and what not,
 And the dart and the hand whence it issued's forgot.

MR. DIGNUM.

SEE DIGNUM trip onward, as CYMON array'd,
 Both apish and awkward, unlearn'd and ill made;
 The wight has each requisite fitting a clown,
 Save bashfulness,—that is a sense he's ne'er known:
 Did the varlet affect but to blush, he would cheat us;
 For Nature embronz'd him when scarcely a *fœtus*:
 And th' Hibernian atoms descend in his race,
 Their foreheads to shield from so foul a disgrace:
 With WEBSTER or VERNON the youth could but vie ill,
 For he is a *vox et præterea nihil*.

Ye gods! what wild havoc is made by Ambition!
 Tho' she oft brings her slaves to a state of contrition:
 She made pious DORNFORD, a half-witted railer;
 And spoil'd in young DIGNUM,—an excellent tailor.
 'Tis wondrous we find not, in Opera's van,
 A singing Novitiate, who looks like a Man:—
 But Grace, that to song should be ever allied,
 Left the stage of the world, as her favorite died.

When

When Death seiz'd our WEBSTER, his heaven-born wife,
 Sweet Grace, (whom he wedded and cherish'd thro' life,
 Whose mild hallow'd influence led him along,
 Ennobled his action, and breath'd thro' his song :)
 Survey'd, like a Persian bride, his remains,
 As the pulses of horror beat high thro' her veins;
 Then frowning on Fate, who seiz'd all she enjoy'd,
 With Misery laden, herself she destroy'd:
 Disdaining existence, his ashes she fir'd,
 Ascended the pile, gave a sigh, and expir'd.

MRS. WARD.

In smart walking ladies and Tragedy queens,
 See WARD take the lead, tho' long out of her teens:
 To Nature, for beauty, she's somewhat in debt;
 And is perfectly learn'd in the stage etiquette.
 That Merit smiles on her, it must be confess'd;
 And she always takes care that her person's well dress'd.
 Not like some of her sisters, whose raiment's so shabby,
 They look like wax figures from Westminster Abbey,
 Who've forestall'd the last trumpet, and rose in a hurry,
 Half painted, half clad, and unnerv'd by the flurry.
 LADY ALWORTH, neat WARD can respectably fill,
 And proud MARGARETTA owes much to her skill.

MR. FAWCET.

BEHOLD a great man! 'tis magnanimous FAWCET;
 Who turns the best cream of the Muse to a posset;

Meek

Meek Modesty's dictates he treats as a jest,
 Assails her dominions, and spurns her beliest :
 Should the wench, hapless, venture but once in his
 reach,

He would savagely give her a kick on the breech.
 By Ignorance nurtur'd, by Vanity rais'd,
 That fungus-fraught caitiff has hopes to be prais'd ;
 Tho' he curses old Cadmus with vehement spite,
 Who first taught our sires' grey sires to write !

Shall Satire again say, that Fortune is blind,
 When, to objects like him, she's so wondrously kind ?
 The gift of perception she sure does inherit,
 To foster the dawn of such—*marvellous merit*.

In DION he fidgets, and foams at the gallery,
 Till Tragedy laughs at the comical raillery ;
 When he struts, such embargoes are laid on his motion,
 You'd swear he was costive and wanted a potion ;
 Or a catholic sinner, whose penance decrees
 He should walk for a month, with his shoes full of peas :
 MELPOMENE surely would scold, could she find him,
 For leaving his breeches—so often behind him !

MRS. WILLIAMES.

TRIPPING light o'er the ground, see gay WILLIAMES
 advancing,

Like the *suite* of the Morning, which Guido drew dancing ;
 Or the dimpl'd Euphrosyne, arm'd in her eyes,
 Or a Parthian huntress, who wounds as she flies.

She

She bursts on mankind like the type of Good Humor,
And her smiles have a spell that can regulate Rumor :
So archly she looks, and so beauteous her face is,
Like Venus escap'd from the hands of the Graces.
Such WILLIAMES now is, by the wanton Loves led,
Such B*****y once was, ere her innocence fled.
Behold that frail fair, how depress'd and dejected,
By a Public despis'd, by that Public neglected ;
Tho' her face wears a smile, the sad effort of art,
The light Troop of Gladness have long fled her heart ;
In which chilly Misery ever will mourn,
And pant for that peace which must never return.—
No roses remain, the fond wish to inflame,
Except when her cheek is suffus'd by her shame,
Her husband's pale manes obtrude on her slumbers,
And point out his mission in Fate's awful numbers ;
Till, madd'ning with woe, and, from happiness driv'n,
She turns from her vices to supplicate Heaven !

Ye daughters of Beauty, to worth be inclin'd,
Preserve your importance, and brighten mankind ;
Be taught by example, ye cannot be blest,
If Virtue withdraws her sweet beams from the breast ;
That the wiles of Seduction are meant to destroy,
And extinguish that lamp which should light us to Joy !

How serenely sits Innocence, heaven-born maid !
With the precepts of angels her mind is array'd ;
She guides her calm being, unconscious of strife,
And smiles as the Fates cut the thread of her life :

The

The last sighs of Virtue are Nature's great pride,
They turn the fell dart, fraught with sorrow, aside;
The pangs of Mortality sink in th' ablution,
They triumph o'er Death in the bright dissolution.
Tho' Want's pallid arm the faint victim incloses,
Her faith in her God strews her pillow with roses;
Her spirit ascends o'er the bourn of her mind,
And leaves the base dregs of existence behind.

MR. WILLIAMES.

To Decency dear, and to Merit long known,
See WILLIAMES advance to Calliope's throne;
Tho' the tones of his voice are restrain'd within bounds,
They form a sweet concord of heavenly sounds:
If to greatness unequal, each essay prevails,
For his diffidence aids where ability fails;
As encircled he stood in the temple of Fame,
'Twas himself that alone had a doubt of his claim.

MRS. BLAND.

MELLIFLUOUS BLAND, like an elphin portentous,
Makes her nothingness great, and her trifles momentous.
She's a pretty brown wonder—blithe Nature's vagary,
Or something between human kind and the fairy.
For her brain, not her body, she's valued by Fame,
As Artists paint Cherubs all head and no frame:
From her song every bosom an interest draws,
To her rhetoric Attention annexes applause:

We

We respect her when distant, yet more when she's nigher,
Till surprise, like our fear, makes her altitude higher.

MR. S U E T T.

WHAT gaunt youth is that who encounters the sight?
'Tis SUETT, equipt as the CLOWN in TWELFTH NIGHT;
With front unabash'd thus Presumption begins;
Thus asses of old have assum'd lions' skins.
Go, ask why that Folly should thus be his debtor,
The argument's us'd, that they can't find a better.
Thus scarceness gives value to dirt and mundungus,
And dignifies that Nature meant as a fungus;
It etchings enhances, like BAILLIES and HOLLARS,
It currency gave to American Dollars;
But, their day being o'er, and the exigence past,
To their primitive meanness they all sink at last;
And their names, and the phantom they toil'd to pursue,
In pity Oblivion hides from our view.
But fungus and filth have their uses and buyers,
Hence oceans of urine are purchas'd by dyers;
And lawyers, who liv'd but to generate strife,
May serve when they're dead for th' Anatomist's knife.

Thus it was, but is not—for his godfather Fun
Would not see the lank Losel assail'd and undone:
But taught him some capers, some quirks and some jests,
Then array'd his long limbs with some *Charlatan's* vests;
Bid him throw *Volatility's* drugs 'mid the crowd,
Be flippant, fantastic, and jocund, and loud.

Mr.

Mr. *BARRYMORE*.

—SEE! he's coming this way!—and, my stars, how he lours!

Have you no apt exorcism to fetter his pow'rs?
He surely will eat us—Ah me! what vain fears!
'Tis *BARRYMORE*, Sister, I see the man's ears.

To the altars of Modesty fly, thou vain youth!
And survey thy deserts in the Mirror of Truth;
Clear the filth from your brain, and adhere to the poet,
For there's worth hid beneath, tho' the public don't
know it.

Such once were my thoughts, but those thoughts are
no more,

His wit slew his weakness, his follies are o'er;
The strength of his mind wrought a lively conception,
And each hour that rolls leads the man to Perfection.
Thus Albion's fifth *HARRY*, whose errors amaz'd,
Dropp'd the habits of guilt, and illustriously blaz'd;
And gave added charms to that name he'd neglected,
By paying a debt that was never expected.

Miss *HAGLEY*.

LIKE a *flute* 'mong the pompous *bassoons* rude and
loud,

Meek *HAGLEY's* inmix'd with the Thespian crowd;
When I see her in *SYLVIA* I cannot resist her,
Yet I love her as brothers should value a sister;

'Tis

'Tis the semblance of Purity awes my approaches ;
Tho' I laugh at a shrew, yet I fear *her* reproaches ;
She's a sort of flage rose-bud, unsmote and unriven,
Emitting a perfume restrictedly given ;
Whose damask attractions are partial reveal'd,
For nine-tenths of her beauties as yet are conceal'd ;
And will be, till fierce Approbation's warm ray
Bids the flowret unfold in Celebrity's day.
When it does, may no gust break its fibres with grief,
Or cold dews of Contempt overcharge its weak leaf !

She's so sworn to obey Sensibility's laws,
That she even recoils beneath public applause.
She seems like a plant whom a Zephyr could tease,
Or a bank-decking primrose afraid of the breeze:
She's Timidity's offspring, who left the sweet creature
To draw her revenues from Peace and Good Nature.
I'd keep the rude wind from the tendril's thin form,
But the thistle and underwood leave to the storm.
Black BAVIUS the *tiny*'d my anger provoke,
With his atom of *virus*—his nut-shell of smoke ;
Yet there are who would rather be bruis'd by Wit's stone,
Than sink to the sepulchre whole and unknown ;
Like Empedocles, agile, absurd and inane,
Or the Lozel who blaz'd silver Dian's priz'd fane ;
In the cells of MILL-BANK he should honor his function,
And *finger* his LORDLING and give the *last unction* !
He would pass for a priest, anoint, tickle, and gull us,
But we all know *monachum non facit cucullus*.

H

Yet

Yet what can I do but look down and despise ?
 Should I brain such a reptile—I war not with flies !
 Pestiferous grub, let him pimp for his peer,
 I can ne'er give him thunder who's scarce worth a sneer.

MR. WRIGHT.

Who's that looks so fiercely ! Oh, I ken the wight,
 'Tis the drama's Drawcansir, the bold ROGER WRIGHT !
 Have you no work cut out, that you let him thus roam ?
 In a Bailiff or Murderer, ROGER's at home :
 Tho' 'tis known from the *first* he has constantly fled,
 And *murders* in jest, but—to get himself bread ;
 He often damns bailiffs ; for ROGER hates law ;
 And the dagger his *feelings* will scarce let him draw.
 Hard case ! when an actor is destin'd to play
 In parts where antipathies block up his way !
 But nothing should stop the career of ambition,
 Tho' Fate open'd wide the black gates of Perdition.

Alas ! who'd imagine good acting was rare,
 When every Whipster can thus be a Play'r ?
 —The science of acting from Nature requires
 A genius that knows all her force and her fires ;
 A classical, polish'd, and well-govern'd mind,
 A taste that's correct, boundless, good and refin'd ;
 Endowments that seldom are met with in men,
 But, like comets, just blaze on the world now and then.
 Yet none are alarm'd at so great an assumption ;
 For Folly has ever been mark'd by Presumption.

But

But touch'd by the dog-star he'll bellow self-pleas'd,
 With incontinent rant, and a mind that's diseas'd ;
 Like Icarus madly he soars to the sun,
 Till his wings melt in air, and the man is undone.
 Even Lords and young spinsters of Elegance strive,
 Who shall wear the sock best and keep laughter alive.

Like the wheels of a watch is the actor's estate,
 Where the small have their motion impell'd by the
 great :

And each must fulfil the intent of his station,
 And make up a whole—by progressive gradation.

MRS. LOVE.

Depress'd by stern Time, see poor LOVE make her
 way,

And, spurning the tyrant, affect to look gay :
 In DORCAS she still can administer pleasure,
 And shines in old women a dramatic treasure ;
 Besides, as a vet'ran, poor LOVE has a claim
 To draw on Compassion, if not upon Fame.

MR. R. PALMER.

Here's PALMER the younger, so trim, pert, and nice,
 I pray give the hero—a piece of advice :
 Let him strive all he can to avoid imitation,
 And forget on the stage he e'er had a relation ;
 'Tis highly disgusting, beholding one brother
 Exhibit, with pride, all the faults of the other.

Besides, he's too apt to survey the green boxes,
For his porter-farught friends, and his cheek-painted
doxies.

Of all other follies, this sure's most absurd,
Not to list to the scene, and to feel every word.

This pilfering wight's so egregiously prone,
He won't let *son frere* JOHN ride his hobby alone;
But while Originality's panting to find him,
Holds the tail of his steed and alert leaps *behind him*.
Some strokes shew his mind is not mark'd by sterility,
His PROMPT proves the actor has great capability,

* * * * *

What Monster is this, who alarms the beholdres,
With Folly and Infamy perch'd on his shoulders;
Whom hallow'd Religion is lab'ring to save,
Ere Sin and Disease goad the wretch to his grave?
'Tis *****! Alas, Nature starts at the name;
And trembles with horror, and reddens with shame!
Like the Ocean which weeps, when the tempest's allay'd,
She shudders to look on the work she has made.
I marvel that God does not open the place,
To ingulph him, like Corah, and all his foul race.

In their hate of his principles all are agreeing,
And the *fruit* of his *loins* curse the *cause* of their being.

† The detested caitiff personified in this description, read his
portrait, reflected, and expired.

Like

Like a pestilent breeze he infects these sad times,
A vile abstract of hell and Italia's crimes !
See Justice, offended, exhibits a halter ;
And the crucifix shakes as he crawls to the altar :
E'en Angels drop tears in such habits to find him,
As he throws Retribution with horror behind him.
When his soul disembogues each infernal transgression,
Sweet Mercy revolts at the sable confession.
And Honor and Truth form a strong combination
To kick such a miscreant thro' the creation.
Lo! Eternity's paths he with terror explores,
As dæmons look up from sulphureous shores :
While Tartarean bards chant the caitiff's encomium,
And Satan sits hunger'd in deep Pandemonium.

His touch is contagious and preys on our sanity,
Offensive to life, and abhorr'd by humanity.
Like the plague-fraught embrace of a foul Alepponian,
Or the incrusted glove of a sick Caledonian ;
It nips Virtue's bud, like the winds from the east,
Or Circe's fell wand, turns the fool to a beast :
Or that HOT-BED OF VAGABONDS, rais'd on the breast
Of fallen BRITANNIA, to sing her to rest ;
Where antics Discretion can kick till she winces,
And rascal castratos strut prouder than princes :
Where Countesses fight to kiss sapless TENDUCCI ;
Or tie on the sandals of black CATENUCCI.

Is it wondrous that you such antipathy see,
When the tyrant to Virtue's a tyrant to me ?

Go, shew me the den where a scoundrel's confin'd,
 I'll strike his black heart, and unnerve his base mind;
 I'll goad him thro' life with the rod of correction,
 Till his scull-pendent locks shall grow grey with reflection;

From the arm of a Titan I'd tear him elate,
 Tho' guarded by all the artillery of Fate:
 If I quit him, may Peace and my penitence sever,
 And the smiles of Omnipotence leave me for ever!

It boots not with me if his infamous darings
 Are hid by a star, or armorial bearings:
 As Gregory made the proud Emperor wait,
 Bare-footed and cold, at Canusium's gate;
 E'en thus shall the haughty bend low at my nod,
 Confess their allegiance, and honor my rod.

Nefarious island! oh, besotted nation!
 Where Folly, to Vice, runs in studied gradation.
 See GUILT on the judgment seat, mark'd by pollution,
 To watch the degrees of a *mean* prosecution;
 To determine the outlines of *right* and of *wrong*,
 As manacled Honor is led thro' the throng;
 To meet cunning Sophistry's wily position,
 And the half-famish'd sons of illicit Ambition.

Say, who shall be bless'd, if a HOWARD's unsainted!
 Say, who is unsullied, if CURTIUS is tainted!
 But his worth, like true gold, from the chemical fire,
 Will rise less alloy'd, and be valued the higher;

And

And the *lie* of the moment, which MALICE had sign'd,
 Sweet Truth shall expunge from the national mind :
 As the lion, awak'ning on Nemea's plain,
 Indignant shakes off the dank dew from his mane.

A VISIONARY EPISODE.

High rais'd o'er the rest, see meek JANUS exalted,
 Who ne'er, from the whisp'rings of conscience, defaulted.
 Tho' patriot antipathies drove the keen wight
 From the luminous realms of political light ;
 The vile impositions imbib'd in his youth,
 Were effac'd by the impulse of heavenly Truth.
 No spark of intrigue from SAINT OMER's remains,
 To light that evasion which sleeps in his veins ;
 And 'tis shameful to call him, or vile, or rapacious,
 Who hates all the race, from C—s F-x to Ignatius.

To strengthen his schemes in the *bless'd* occupation,
 MOLL BROOKS offer'd PAM a high-season'd oblation,
 Compos'd of odd remnants, with nice circumspection,
 That the *dice* had long *level'd* in social connection :
 A maudlin YOUNG PEER, in a gloomy immersion ;
 A JUDGE, with the seals of the land—in reversion ;
 AN EMINENT RASCAL, who'd trod round the laws ;
 A PLAY-WRIGHT, who ne'er lost his wits by applause ;
 A CAPTAIN, deep laden with jokes from Joe Miller,
 A DUKE, undisturb'd by one penny of siller ;
 A RIGHT-HONOR'd SCOUNDREL, who liv'd to debase
 Those old-fashion'd virtues which govern'd his race ;

A SURY

A SURGEON, once wont to be-rhime o'er his beer ;
 A SPECIOUS ATTORNEY, and DULL PAMPHLETEER :
 AN EARL who gave Hymen a *fete* Prudence dreaded,
 'Tho he tiff'd with his wife ere the parties were bedded ;
 A LORDLING, who ne'er from his vices retreated ;
 A TACTICK-TAUGHT GENERAL, nine times defeated ;
 A PATRIOT, red-hot from the bogs of Ierne,
 A CAITIFF, who stole all his groats from Lord V—y ;
 And EMBRYO STATESMEN in scores did exhibit ;
 And GAMESTERS, just snatch'd from th' insatiate gibbet ;
 And S—TH the despondent, not bless'd with a stiver,
 Who lost all his *joys*, like a true SCAVOIR VIVRE ;
 From the columns of smoke issu'd halters unnoos'd,
 Bloody hands, writs, and coronets, dim and confus'd.

The tottering old Sybil the off'ring prepares,
 And adds to the force her immaculate pray'rs ;
 With combustible vice fill'd the yawning tripod ;
 And augur'd success from the smiles of the god :
 Then the work was complete, that the fiend meant to
 win him,
 And the chief felt the sting of the *mania* within him :
 Like a methodist foaming, he rav'd thro' the earth,
 And bellow'd its comforts, and own'd the new birth ;
 Caught the semblance of Plutus, by MOLL's sable art,
 And the sight brac'd those nerves which had sunk round
 his heart !

Thus fir'd, adroitly his subject he changes,
 And o'er the wide fields of SUBLIMITY ranges,

Flies

Flies off at a tangent, talks long, and talks loud,
 His feet in Saint Stephen's— his head in a cloud ;
 There he licks with his tongue in each labor'd essay,
 Not Blarney's fam'd stone, but the smooth milky way.
 How piteous ! that Fury should ever step in
 To madden his song, when he lacerates Sin !
 Rehearsing the theme of the MINISTER's duties,
 He sings of his weakness in metaphor beauties ;
 And, arming his periods with soft necromancy,
 Gives *one* to the *point*, and *nineteen* to the—*Fancy*.

MR. WRIGHTEN.

Oh, ho ! my friend WRIGHTEN, is he in the cluster ?
 I soon can find him, by his bouncing and bluster ;
 Tho' he clips Common Sense with a mouthful of plums,
 By the aid of his thought he can butter his crumbs ;
 Not having the fear of remorse 'fore his eyes,
 Poor Nature incessantly stabs till she dies ;
 And murders Heroics, and storms at their death ;
 Then runs round the stage—to recover his breath ;
 And, wonderful ! growls, if he gets not applause—
 Tho' he violates Reason, and treads on her laws.

As Good Sense touch'd this varlet's ideas when born,
 He took up his worn buskin and view'd it with scorn ;
 Wit (shewing the prompt book) bid WRIGHTEN forsake it,
 And he now *gives the word*, and there's few but would
 take it

MR. STAUNTON.

What animal's this! like the daw in his plumes?
 Is it STAUNTON who thus on your presence presumes?
 Who the Deuce was it thrust such a man in ORSINO?
 He's as far from the truth as Pall Mall from Urbino.
 See, his essays have made poor Propriety puke,
 And the best we can say is—he makes a rum Duke.

I pity poor CRANFORD, and TIDSWELL and BURNET,
 While the nymphs chew an oath, when they dare not
 return it:

It hurts me to see radiant beauty like theirs
 Devoted to watch the caprice of high play'rs;
 As skirtings of worth, like your mundungus wrappers,
 The refuse of vagrants, and stage understrappers.
 Let the Ladies quit trade, like prudential MASKINS,
 And mend, in a corner, the king's galligaskins:
 By rigid economy gather small riches,
 Or darn up a rent in Prince Prettyman's breeches;
 Or kiss the young Roscius who snores on a pallet;
 Or dress, without oil, the salubrious sallet;
 And hot mutton chop, reeking, crisp, sweet and versal,
 To solace poor Tom when he comes from rehearsal.

Let the group that remain all recede in a throng;
 And, 'tis well for their jackets, their claims are unsung;
 Besides, there's not one of the Parnassian Muses,
 But smiles to such earthenware beings refuses:
 As well might train-bands claim a knowledge of arms,
 As caitiffs like those, but to look on their charms:

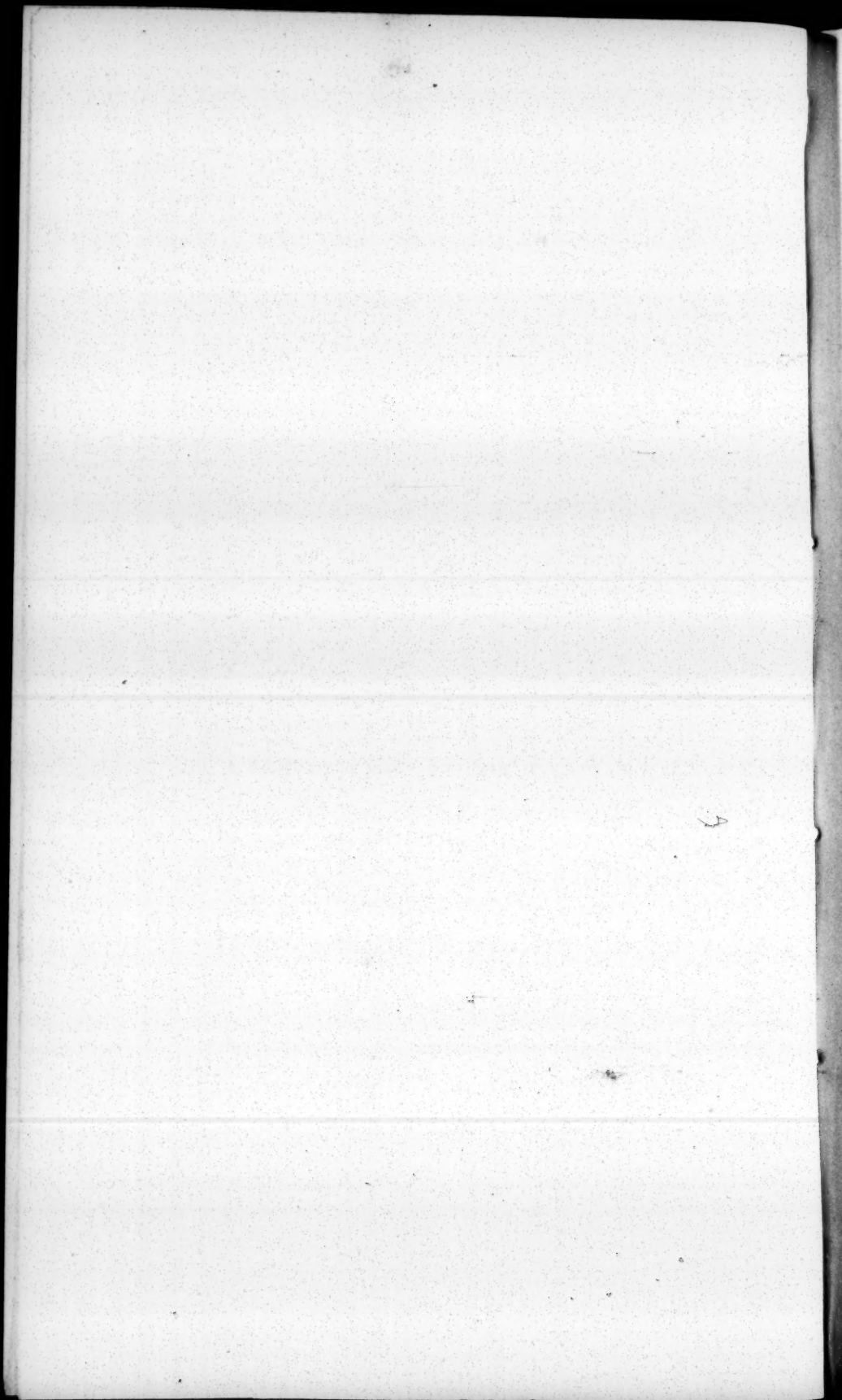
Tho'

Tho' their clamors oft bring their good humor to trial,
For, like hungry duns, they'll accept no denial,
But hang round their gates, while by strength they are able,
And feed on the offals that fall from their table.
It has long been a maxim upheld beyond doubt,
Where nothing is in, nothing e'er can come out;
To animadvert on the claims of such men,
Were to prostitute Candor, as well as the pen.

Alas ! did kind Nature permit them to feel,
'T would be cruel such insects to break on the wheel :
Thus like stinted grass on the plain's vernal bed,
The sharp scythe of Judgment flies over their head.
While the tempest's keen rage is dismantling the tow'r,
The cot of Humility's safe from its pow'r.

Then go, ye base tribe, read the Decalogue o'er,
Retreat to your sheds, and, be varlets no more :
Thank the gods that your state has protected your shins ;
Chant your vespers in peace, and go sleep in whole
skins ;

Nor utter, despondent, that SATIRE will flay us,
For HERCULES wars but with men like ANTÆUS !



THE
C H I L D R E N
OF
THE SPIS.

A
P O E M.

SECOND PART.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1787.]

I

T O

WARREN HASTINGS, Esq.

AMID the innumerable objects of importance that must now engross your attention, permit me to lay a poetical trifle at your feet; I am perfectly aware that the subject is totally irrelative to those great points of information which you have studied, and cultivated with peculiar success.—The motives that influenced me to this measure were two:—first, because I was ambitious to offer you some amusement, by the effusions of an idle hour; and, secondly, by paying a public tribute of respect and veneration for your virtues, to fulfil the immediate injunctions of an excellent and valuable friend, now in the service of his country in India—a gentleman well acquainted with your administration in every stage; whose mind is intelligent and incorruptible, and whose approbation is coequal to Honor. If this poem should be read by futurity, they will find that one man at least in this degraded age, was sufficiently

cicely

ciently grateful to celebrate your virtues ; virtues which belong to the FIRST ORDER of human beings ; and, though they elevate you far above the common classes of Society, it is to be lamented that they cannot shield you entirely from the unwholesome and contaminated gales of DETRACTION.

That you may be soon delivered from the oppression of all your enemies, by the united voice of an indignant people, is the ardent prayer of him who has the honor to subscribe himself,

With great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

The Author.

INNER TEMPLE,

Feb. 20, 1787.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN I first undertook to write this poem, it was with a thorough contempt for the opinion of those persons, who have arrogated to themselves the high and mighty title of Reviewers †, and this contempt originated from my having a perfect acquaintance with the vices and weaknesses of the men; being supe-

† A Northumbrian ecclesiastic, who, like many more of our modern idlers, would become a poet in despite of Fate, wrote a poem, entitled, *PEACE*; and, with a degree of cunning which is almost peculiar to the inhabitants of the North, determined to have a brilliant account of his performance in all the *Reviews*. As his bookseller informed him of the means by which these accounts were obtained, it was resolved to send a guinea, with a copy, to every reviewer, and as soon as, the point was gained, to reprint a new title page, signifying to the public that it was the tenth edition, and quoting that criticism with apparent pride, in an advertisement, which had been previously bought. All the superintendants, excepting Dr. *KENRICK*, who at that time edited the *London Review*, pocketed the bribe, and discharged their consciences by giving the donor *a guinea's worth of praise!* But the Doctor, who felt as a poet himself for the dignity of *Wit*, advertised the work on the cover of the *Review* as a recompence for the money, but gave such an account of the parson's efforts in the body of the repository, as probably discouraged the divine from any farther poetical flights.

rior to their jurisdiction, I dare tread upon their assumed authority. I know them to be blockheads of the first magnitude, envious and stupid, cowardly and corruptible. When a man destitute of feeling is fit for no other purpose in society, he may make a tolerable executioner; so a literary dunce, when denied the advantages of genius, may make a respectable reviewer: the requisites are dulness and malignity—the ends, profit and dishonor. Their interference with the productions of men of wit is a circumstance of the highest presumption, and somewhat like the conduct of unprincipled old maids; for though they have not sufficient merit to win a husband for themselves, they possess an adequate portion of ability to sully the virtues of those who have; One of these sagacious gentlemen has thought proper to attribute the CHILDREN OF THESPIS to Mr. ANSTIE, or Mr. HAYLEY; but in that circumstance he has not strengthened either my pride or my pleasure; those gentlemen may be fashionable rhymers, but are very far from being poets: their well-drest productions, in the shape of poems, appear to me somewhat like an ideot in embroidery,

embroidery, gilt gingerbread, or the Herald at Arms. A second allows that the poem has many brilliant passages, but is not equal in point of dramatic intelligence to the ROSCIAD of CHURCHILL. A third acknowledges that I should make an admirable satirist, if I would purge the poem of three expletives in a most as many thousand lines. A fourth, somewhat more sore than his confederates, reproves me for attacking private characters too indiscriminately.—I am not conscious that I deserve the charge.

I should be happy to regulate the stage in regard to the usage of dramatic authors; but the attempt is too gigantic for me to undertake, and throws even Possibility at a distance.—A literary dunce in a theatre, like a bawd in Covent Garden, commands a particular degree of homage from the principal, though the common offices of respect are denied him by the rest of the community: hence our DIBDINS, GREATHEADS, ST. JOHNS, &c. are permitted to affright Common Sense from her propriety; and the majesty of Genius is thereby sacrificed to the caprice of those scenic despots, who proportion their favors according to the suggestion of their prejudice, and

encourage

encourage the propagation of dulness, from a spirit of veneration and sympathy.

I am deeply concerned to make one observation here which is literally erected upon the basis of Truth—that I have ever, in my progress through life, found the exercise of manly virtue ruinous to my fortune; there seems to be a general confederacy among all orders of men to crush the efforts of a great and direct mind. If any individual, in the present vitiated state of society, possessed the integrity of Confucius, with the accomplishments of Aristotle, he would be easily circumvented in his wishes, by a time-serving villain without ability, or a fawning slave, who would crouch beneath the scepter of Insolence.

The great success which attended the former part of this publication rather astonishes me, when I reflect that “the times are out of joint,” and all mankind divided into parties; every thing is dedicated to that pursuit, and the servants of the Muses wade in the polluted stream: When an ill-written abortion of the brain
makes

makes its hideous appearance to strengthen the indirect purposes of Government or Opposition, a thousand animals are let loose to yelp it into reputation, although it would have passed disregarded and despised, if unaided by such meretricious measures.---For my own part, I ought to tremble for the reputation and safety of all my CHILDREN, who publicly profess myself an enemy to the very idea of party, and a determined foe to all miscreants adhering to either.---This declaration, though perfectly honest, is somewhat rash; for the Host is too numerous to be treated with contempt, even by---A HERCULES.

To avoid the imputation of Plagiarism, I confess that I have borrowed some few passages of the CHILDREN OF THESPIS from that justly celebrated poem, La Declamation Theatrale by Dorat; and, contrary to the established customs of society, have thought it expedient to acknowledge myself a THIEF, for the preservation of my character.

THE
CHILDREN
OF
THE SPIS.

SECOND PART.

THO' enrag'd and revil'd, the old DOWAGER DRURY
Reflected and smil'd, as she fetter'd her fury ;
Nor sought by base taunts to condemn or deride,
For her Wit and her Years had corrected her pride :
But feeling compassion, imbitter'd with woe,
Thus bade the sweet streams of experience flow :

Of old, when young ladies offended good manners,
Their peers left their elbows, the men fled their banners :
But, thanks to the impulse of high-born refinement,
Each spinster now laughs at the chains of confinement ;
No parents are lab'ring by coercive measures
To fashion the thought, or give laws to their pleasures,
Hence daily the torments Propriety feels,
As tittering girls tread on Decency's heels.—
When I was a virgin, young, callow, and bland,
Then Wisdom and Prudence were known in the land;

The

The girls of that æra were beauteous and good,
And drank no French wines to givewarmth to their blood :
They knew not the magic that lurks 'neath a sigh,
But trembled at Folly, and blush'd at a lie ;
Tho' men were more willing, and husbands more plenty,
We thought not of love till at least five-and-twenty :
But now every minx, when she gets in her teens,
Well knows what the mystical union means,
Rejects the advice of her elders with scorn,
And loves and coquets ere her passions are born.

But, a truce with resentment, our failings we'll smother,
Nor kindle a flame to consume but—each other ;
As our interests are mutual, we'll bury our rage,
And strive to restore Common Sense to the Stage ;
As the Nymph has been banish'd by sturdy Pollution,
Be it ours to raise a renown'd revolution—:

As the kings of the drama Apollo reviews,
He pities mankind, and he mourns for each muse ;
From such an assemblage of dolts and deformity,
Can aught be expected but ills and enormity ?
Alas ! that such follies should riot unchain'd, a
Or Ideots rule where a Titus has reign'd !
To shew their base splendor in Reason's despite,
And annoy human kind, they rush forth to the light ;
Like the bird of Minerva at Sol's torrid rays,
Till their sense is oppress'd, and they wink at the blaze :
Thus Pride draws them on, as the scent leads the beagle,
While Scorn draws a line 'twixt the owl and the eagle.

MR.

MR. SHERIDAN.

The Fates warr'd with Reason when SHERIDAN rose
 From Hibernian loins to correct human woes ;
 Then Pallas obey'd the command of her sire,
 And touch'd his young brain with Athenian fire ;
 The Pierian maids led the youth in despite
 To the hill of Parnassus and font of delight,
 Where Phœbus his dogmas was wont to rehearse,
 And shew'd him the force and the features of verse ;
 Fed his mind with large draughts from their translucent
 spring,

And taught him those arts which made Sophocles sing—
 Tho' a one-headed Cerberus, he's destin'd by Fate
 To watch o'er the int'rest of drama and state ;
 Now Policy, hideous witch, wakes her charms,
 To woo the equivocal wight to her arms ;
 And to cheat the fine sense of her retrograde suitor,
 Deceives him with *shadows*, and points to the *future* :
 Now the Muse spreads, like Phryne, her arts of seduc-
 tion,

And urges poor DICK for a comic production ;
 Now he writes bitter anti-amicable hints,
 For the Premier's good, in the scandalous prints ;
 Then fabricates odes for the mad and the stupid,
 Then strings pretty verses for EMMA CREWE's Cupid,
 And lives but a sorrowful standard at best
 To prove Genius a bubble, and Wisdom a jest ;

A Cameleon statesman, endued with strange powers
 To seize every hue, and those hues at all hours;
 With talents that call'd human kind to admire,
 With morals that slew the behest of his sire;
 Like an Epicæne animal form'd for deception,
 His worth is an instance that staggers perception.
 What he is, or is not, is a point in dispute,
 Propose what you will, and 'tis BRINSLEY can do't:
 So fit for all things, yet, alas! fit for none,
Continually doing, yet always undone;
 So beckon'd by Hope, yet by Hope so oft cheated,
For ever contending, yet ever defeated;
 By much too sincere for a good politician,
 Too eccentric to make a sound mathematician;
 Too proud for attendance, too vain to beseech,
 Too poor to be happy, too candid to preach:
 Thus he swims in a strange indeterminate mean,
 Neither hallow'd nor damn'd, but betwixt and between,
 He'd with Moses or Peter, for gifts urge his plea,
 Or transcribe the Tables, or walk on the sea!
 Arrange novel elements—marshal Jove's war,
 Or blow away fogs that envelope a star!
 When Genius essays to effect his conversion,
 Attachments obtrude and defeat the exertion;
 Tho' Satire has arm'd him to regulate men,
 Young Gratitude draws all the ink from his pen.
 If to lacerate Folly he wings the keen dart,
 It wounds his *best friend* in the core of his heart;

If levelling at vice he his archery tries,
By the arrow transfix'd an ex-minister dies.
His fancy's blithe sports o'er our faculties steal,
All poignant as CONGREVE, as HORACE genteel;
But viewing those tablets invow'd in his will,
Like the Sybil's black leaves they predict embryo ill;
And his fruitless attempts to make ideots wise,
Resemble Domitian pursuing his flies,
Or stern Dionysius correcting his boys,
Or Britain's Elizabeth sporting with toys.
Like a truant to Fame he has fled from his duty,
To give varlets respect and gaunt Faction a beauty.
His sensible heart seem'd, when Excellence found it,
Like Hermes' Caduceus, with reptiles clung round it;
For his manners are spoil'd by the limbs of *inferno*,
Like Arethuse streams in the lake of Averno.
Could critical Alchymy mend such base elves,
I'd place their vile dross on Truth's high-valued shelves;
Tho' my deeds, like Caligula's arts, might be crost,
Who, intent to make gold, moan'd the time he had lost;
For Wit and Discretion in amity bound,
Like the circle's quadrature, will never be found.
Generosity's seen on each eye-brow depicted,
His ideas are vast, yet his purse is restricted.
Tho' a minion of Onus, he passes his hours
In feats that dishonor his limitless powers;
Defiling the page of loud Rumor with fears
That a CHIEF may have err'd in twice seventeen years.

Like Sallust he's brilliant, and both shone as senators,
Tho' neither by living uprais'd their progenitors.
His brain, like the library of fam'd Pisistratus,
Is so laden with wit we can find no hiatus ;
Like Israel's foul children, for Ruin ne'er spar'd him,
He ran from that Canaan which Phœbus prepar'd him.
Fascination with all her best witch'ries has clad him :
For he ne'er ask'd a friend but in asking he had him :
He dignified tumults Expedience made,
And seems, like the lion, superior to aid,
As inordinate gorging at Oblôquy's feasts,
Where, alas ! he's but first 'mid confederate beasts.
He speaks to illumine, sublime, and surprise,
As Columbus taught Indians the laws of the skies,
While the national crowds round the wanderer ran,
In doubt if the alien was God or a man ;
Tho' Sophistry partially darkens the way,
He beams like the sun, and creates his own day ;
Foul Tergiversation shall fashion his history,
For his life, like the Pentateuch's, mark'd by its mystery.
Like the rock-striking Hebrew he marshals his throng,
But the force of his amulet lives in his song.
When he visited Fortune, the wench, most uncivil,
Sent him and his suite to CHARLES FOX or the Devil :
He wept, he beseech'd, he bemoan'd, he lamented,
Till, chill'd by her mien, left the house discontented.
Thus DICK is oppress'd in his efforts to court her,
For the nymph shuts her gates and he can't bribe the porter
'Tis

'Tis said that she once lov'd the indirect youth
 Ere polluted associates had led him from Truth;
 She saw him deluded, and pitied his blindness,
 And sooth'd him with smiles, and embrac'd him with
 kindness;

But he, like a dolt, with her quiet disported,
 Abus'd her remonstrance, and scoff'd when she courted;
 Till stung and enrag'd, hopeless, mad and forlorn,
 The dignified wench felt the pressure of scorn,
 And imbibing that hatred the dramatist taught her,
 Consign'd the proud fool to the care of her daughter;
 For, as ladies forgive not contemptuous slights,
 She frowns on his toils if he speaks or indites;
 Pre-damns all his essays in verse and in prose,
 And yields him a victim to merciless foes.

Created to live in Society's school
 As the mark of perfection, and bane of a fool;
 It mads me to see such superlative merit
 Metamorphos'd by Pride to a PETULANT FERRET,
 Which Fox drags about with a sinister chain,
 To drive the POLITICAL RATS from the GRAIN.
 Unfortunate CHARLES! once the inmate of Glory!
 Tho' now he's illustrious only in story;
 All his splendor's absorb'd by the Minister's ray†,
 Thus the grandeur of Memphis gave Thebes to Decay.

† When I wrote this Poem I thought MR. PITT a political luminary. I now think him but a rush light and even that as nearly burned to the socket.

Thus Satan lay writhing when Michael trod o'er him !
As demons in clusters crept round to deplore him.

The sceptre of Drury has known many masters,
Like the throne of Warsaw, it seems fraught with disasters ;

In all points of government weak and defective ;
But that realm must decay where the crown is elective ;
When brainless MUSICIANS can figure in story,
And, like DAVID RIZZIO, debase regal glory.

Mrs. ABINGTON.

Led on by Thalia, with dignified mien,
Behold sportive Fashion's superlative queen !
Illustrious ABINGTON, stamp at her birth
The touchstone of Splendor, and daughter of Mirth ;
A barrier which Elegance rais'd in our days,
To stop the wild progress of barbarous ways ;
Like the Belgian dykes, all their force to withstand,
And shut out their ruinous streams from the land.
This nymph, all abundant, has Science supply'd,
For, when God gave her atoms, he gave them with pride ;
And, her frame holds a heart of the noblest texture,
Where Virtue retir'd when Infamy vex'd her :
As the Phœnix creates when the Phœnix expires,
Thus ABINGTON issued from WOFFINGTON's fires !

Ere Taste can establish her motley dominion,
She resorts to gay FRANCES to know her opinion,

And

And supplicates ABINGTON every season,
For her smiles, as a passport, to visit our reason.
Like a pine, tall and straight, she approaches the skies;
But her height awakes Envy to question her size,
And subjects her form to each poisonous gale
Which escapes the low brambles that creep in the vale,
Like the moon in her orb, she diffuses her light,
To emblazon the scene, and give Beauty to sight;
As venomous reptiles antipathiz'd gaze,
And yelp at her splendor, tho' lit by her rays.
But, untouch'd by their breath, of her honors unshorn,
She smiles on their malice with dignified scorn:
That heave of her bosom sweet Sympathy taught,
When Pity assum'd the command of her thought,
And with tender conceits did its tablet impress,
Which lead her to Want, and, when led, bid her bless;
'Tis then that her *acting* vast benefit draws,
Where the wretched and heaven alone give applause!
That bard's doubly blest in Elysium's gay bowers,
Whose wit-woven scenes are illum'd by her powers:
There CONGREVE beholds, proud, elate, and delighted,
New graces beyond what his pen has indited:
Then his wit, like some knives in the Birmingham trade,
Is valued much more for the handle than blade;
And her system of sense makes so pleasing a whole,
That her mind seems divine, and her body all soul.
In arch ESTIFANIA, by thinking refin'd,
She moves and attempers the springs of the mind,

Give

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That her mind seems divine, and her body all soul.
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She moves and attempers the springs of the mind,

Give

Gives new point to the jest, as it flies on the wing,
Adds force to its vigour, and sharpens its sting.
She spreads comic salt o'er her moods and her tenses,
Which, like spices in soup, hide the meat from our
senses;

But our lips hail with rapture such pleasant expedients,
And smack, and re-smack, with the zest of ingredients.
In prating SOUBRETTES she defies competition;
In the broad paths of fashion adds ease to condition.
From the gay well-bred CHARLOTTE, in CIBBER's light
page,

To the pert ROXALANA that gladdens the stage;
When she sinks into PHILLIS, her high-polish'd mind
Seems cramp't, and coerc'd, and debas'd, and confin'd;
Like a valuable pearl in the womb of an oyster,
Or MADAME VICTOIRE in the cells of a cloister;
Or ALFRED when eating his soup with a hind,
Contracting the scale of his patriot mind,
To hide from the peasant his cares and his crosses;
Or JUNO's rough lord when the guest of poor BAUCIS:
Or GALWAY in Litchfield Street teasing a boor,
Or OSBORNE when knocking at BILLY PITT's door;
Or HAMILTON's chief at a bull-bait, or battle,
Or GEORGE when for Smithfield arranging his cattle;
Or APOLLO when scoff'd by the base-born DAMETAS,
Or the coachman of JOVE when the herd of ADMETUS.

She gracefully trips on Propriety's toe,
And walks, talks, and triumphs at will *comme il faut*;

The

The bosom of Feeling with truth she impresses,
And steals all our senses; but, stealing them, blesses.
Like a wondrous magician she sports with our being,
And turns into doubt e'en the act that we're seeing;
With poignant impertinence marks her whole face,
And says brilliant nothings with infinite grace!

The vigils of Falsehood, and all her base train,
Have fail'd to embitter her moments with pain:
Array'd with the armour of Peace round her heart,
She smiles at Contumely's venomous dart;
Shakes the habits of Hatred with scorn from her mind,
And like Taurus' high forehead looks down on mankind,
Round her circle of radiance she's diurnal hurl'd,
Like a health-giving Planet above a base world:
Diffusing an influence benignant and kind,
As AURORA, who cheers both the glebe and the mind.

Thought has it, so true each attainment appears,
That her years had been ages—her days had been years!
Her expression exceeds Expectation's first wish,
She is to her author what *soy* is to fish:
But tho' locally doom'd or to warm or enlighten,
No longer the round of the drama she'll brighten;
Social Love has coerc'd the gay rout of her will,
Like the sun, which o'er ASKALON's valley lay still!

It is hers to correct the ill humors of Pride,
And bid all the channels of weakness subside;
As Virtue's chief minion to blazon her cause,
Enforce her behest, and promulgate her laws.

Like

Like Saint Raphael's gay tints, when he portray'd a
story,

Her toils touch the summit of sublunar glory;
Like Sweden's Christina, her honor'd existence
Has nerv'd female worth against critic resistance:
As Servius Tullus, the flame of Ambition
Lick'd the nymph when a child, and sublim'd her con-
dition.

Irresistible Fate, to her character kind,
But steals from her dimples to add to her mind;
If her beauties recede, yet shall Envy confess,
That to brighten the greater he takes from the less;
So governing Jove calls the streams into motion,
And empties the river,³ to strengthen the ocean:
Like NINON DE L'ENCLOS, this elegant dame
Can charm human-kind by her wit or her frame;
She gracefully parries the evils of Time,
And, the older she grows, is the more in her prime;
For Merit shall court her, and Foplings implore,
When her ringlets are ting'd with the dyes of threescore.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the caves of Neglect see poor CRAWFORD retir'd,
To end a frail being, abridg'd and bemir'd;
Lo! her time-whiten'd head is disrob'd of those bays,
Which solac'd and warm'd her in happier days;
See the violets droop that once sweeten'd the air,
And the yews mark the place at the den of Despair;

For

For briars and thorns every avenue closes,
That Nature once dress'd with her myrtles and roses.
Say, what was the cause that, destroying her powers,
Made life's chilly evening imbitter her hours!
It was ill-tim'd desire gave birth to her pains,
And govern'd the Woman, and liv'd in her veins;
Betray'd her to Sorrow and fell Desperation,
And shook, like an earthquake, her high reputation.
To tell what she *was*, but offends recollection,
To tell what she *is*, gives a wound to affection.
Even History shrinks when decreed to portray
The last hapless moments when SWIFT met decay;
By the force of free agency CRAWFORD has pin'd,
And the pressure of Wit cut off SWIFT from mankind;
Tho' both have been tortur'd by Misery's od,
The *first* sunk by Folly, the *last* by his God.

In the whirlwind of Passion, tho' furious and warm,
The force of her judgment gave laws to the storm;
She rov'd the dominions of human ability,
But stopp'd on the verge, ere she pass'd possibility:
In piteous EUPHRASIA she issued her moan,
Till Melpomene trembled, and wept on her throne;
Commanded the suite of Despair in her face,
And murder'd the tyrant with terrible Grace;
Tho' SIDDONS high majesty knew not her mind,
Her action was excellent, just, and refin'd;
With the numbers of OTWAY extorted our groans,
And wonderful Harmony breath'd in her tones.

The

The SIDDONS, convuls'd with the cause of her sadne's,
 Made the plaints of the heroine border on madness ;
 And summon'd Amazement in each studied start,
 But CRAWFORD effectually wounded the heart!
 The *first* knock'd its sentinel down by surprise,
 The *last* gain'd admittance by—pathos and sighs;
 And play'd till the tremors increas'd in gradation,
 And the frame was an organ of tender vibration;
 All the pulses accorded with cold unanimity,
 And the nerves carried woe to the fingers' extremity.
 Her name was once mighty, e'en still 'tis remember'd,
 But the thing and idea are widely dismember'd;
 On the historic page it is wondrously seen,
 In the grasp of the eye 'tis weak, shallow, and mean;
 By the past and the present wise dogmas are taught,
 Like the Tiber in act, and the Tiber in thought.

This nymph never learn'd, by cold Policy bound,
 To measure her periods, and weigh every sound;
 But, disdaining the aids of an artful pretence,
 Gave Nature the rein, and a loose to her sense;
 The meand'rings where subtilty toils after woe,
 And the deep from whence classical rivulets flow,
 She left for those daughters of judgment to stem,
 Who for Genius substitute fustian and phlegm.
 Energetic and dignified, beauteous and charming,
 Impressive, impassion'd, or chilling, or warming:
 The grave PENSEROSO bent low to adore her,
 And LOVE and ALLEGRO with joy danc'd before her.

Tho'

Tho' her scenic exertions the eye met so gladly,
No theatric nymph dress'd her person so badly;
Be it mantua, or toga, or cestus, or lace,
'Twas absurdity all, from her heels to her face.

In a moment when Vehemence fir'd her age,
A florid adventurer tickled her rage;
Like Eve, warm and panting, she met the temptation,
And, laughing, resign'd all her hopes of salvation.

Turn your fancy to SCOTIA, where rigorous snows
Envelope her rocks, and stern Eolus blows ;
There BADDELY sleeps on Mortality's bier,
Whose pallid remains claim a cheek-scalding tear :
Emaciate and squalid her body is laid,
Her limbs lacking shelter, her muscles decay'd.
Cadaverous, foeted, despis'd and deform'd,
Unmantled, scarce pitied, unstrung and unwarm'd :
An eminent instance of feminine terror,
A public example to keep us from error :
Voluptuous Bacchants have wept round her pillow,
And strew'd her cold temples with cypress and willow ;
The train of Euphrosyne ran from their bowers,
And smooth'd the green turf, and bewail'd her last hours ;
See Pan with his rugged libidinous throng,
Bring their reeds to awaken a requiem song :
Till their lays fright the tenants that gladden the sky,
And the vales of Arcadia in murmurs reply.—

What a lesson is this for the beauteous and vain !
What a beacon to light the abysses of pain !—

Can those be the eyes that once sparkled with fire,
 Which Splendor might envy, and Monarchs admire ?
 Ere the Nymyph of her virginal zone was disarm'd,
 She look'd and enraptur'd, she spoke and she charm'd;
 Unmoan'd by the Worthy, she shudder'd and died,
 And the worms loath a frame for which Majesty sigh'd.
 —Oh Passion ! that ever to weakness inclines,
 Thou exquisite tyrant, who damns our designs;
 Say, why should you shut us from Fear and Contrition,
 Or lead such frail beings from Peace to Perdition !
 Can the conquest be envied as hallow'd or glorious,
 When angels deplore that the sense is victorious ?
 Ah me ! can this world have a charm for the will,
 To justify Guilt in an action of ill ?
 Should a state so restrcited, unblest and uneven,
 Impel us to combat the canons of Heaven ?
 Tho' cherub-fac'd Vice hides a moral infernal,
 Her joys are but transient, her stings are eternal.
 But when shall we see female prudence have birth,
 To set such a price as they ought on their worth ?
 When BAMBER GASCOYNE eats a hare without stuffing,
 Or ORFORD or PRATT write a treatise 'gainst PUFFING ;
 When GORDON's fatigued with religion-fraught clamour,
 When simpering CHRISTIE pollutes his white hammer ;
 When JOHN HORNE TOOKE's talents procure him a place,
 When *titles* shall be unallied to disgrace ;
 When RAWDON's rebuk'd by his GRACE of AUBIGNY,
 When GRENVILLE shall give godlike Genius a guinea.

When

When *black* NED shall see LYNCH's ghost with a sigh,
 When *Lincoln's* prim PRELATE shall swoon at—a LIE;
 When BROCKLESBY's language becomes insincere,
 Or he cheats human woe of his PURSE and a TEAR.

Mr. MACKLIN.

Revere sturdy MACKLIN, the dramatic sire;
 For nor age nor disease can extinguish his fire;
 Like an evergreen sent, as a rare vernal treasure,
 Tho' he blooms all the year, all the year gives us pleasure;
 Innately convinc'd of his strength and capacity,
 Like a giant 'mid pigmies, he crushes Audacity;
 For pigmies in knowledge this Nestor will deem us,
 And roars and corrects like a stage Polyphemus;
 Tells the younglings how ROSCIUS excell'd but by rule,
 Chalks the outlines of Truth, and defends the old School.

When MACKLIN was form'd, the Almighty intended,
 Human clay with empyreal air should be blended;
 Disportive he laughs at the toils of the day,
 And doubts if our senses were made to decay:
 See rejuvenated and blithesome he stands,
 With the drama, as God held the seas in his hands;
 If Envy could wield th' artillery of Fate,
 He'd still be triumphant, and dare to be great.
 Surrounded by shrubs on the theatric bed,
 The veteran raises his laurel-bound head;
 Like the oak of the forest, he lifts his stern form,
 With the brow of a monarch, and smiles at the storm;

Unriv'd by the thunder of Malice or Meanness,
He still is majestic, tho' robb'd of his greenness ;
And wounded by many a critical scar,
Like the tempest-torn hulk of an old Man of War.

With singular faculties blest and endued,
The interests of Honor he mark'd and pursued ;
For Fate, to his wishes indulgently kind,
Infus'd an additional beam in his mind ;
Made his ideas vast, comprehensible and clear,
His manners august, and his language sincere :
He foster'd his aims with particular pride,
As ductile Philosophy walk'd by his side ;
The elegant Sciences marshall'd his rage,
And Wit and Vivacity brighten'd his page.
Like brilliant SAINT EVREMOND, lively and gay,
He laughs as the streams of his life flow away :
Illustrates our worth in a being well spent,
And, searching for Truth, gathers bliss and content ;
In the niches of second Adolescence plac'd,
By the finger of Heaven his system's new brac'd ;
And well he's fulfill'd the intent of the plan,
Who was meant by his God as—the type of a man.
In blood-thirsty SHYLOCK, sublimely infernal,
He bares ghastly Vice, and exposes the kernel ;
And so well clears the text of our moralist's pen,
That the head asks the heart if such villains are men :
So perfect the Actor can damn and dissemble,
Could SHAKESPEARE behold him, e'en SHAKESPEARE
would tremble.

Like

Like the Eddystone pillar, his excellence braves
 The rude dashing foam of the critical waves;
 Uprais'd on a rock for the general good,
 To guide the weak bark thro' the dangerous flood;
 As his head firm and giddiless keeps its high station,
 Emitting new lights on the stage navigation.

With his jury-masts standing—his ribs lash'd together,
 With his head's matchless beauties defac'd by rough
 weather;

Dismantled by blasts caught in life's stormy seas,
 He's arriv'd in Time's haven SOLICITING EASE:
 There Gratitude caulks him to solace unsold,
 And Plenty stows biscuit and beef in his hold.

Ere he means to resign him to Death's awful sleep,
 In the year eighteen hundred he'll first take a peep;
 To prune each excrescence of Vice from the nation,
 And fix the pursuits of a young generation;
 Introduce them to Fame, shew the false from the true,
 And then to the World and its jars bid adieu.

Superior to censure the veteran wrote;
 But censors are things that but cavil and quote;
 They torture the truth like the the essays of BEATTIE,
 Or Statesmen defining the Methuen treaty;
 Hence SHAKESPEARE is mangled by weak commen-
 tators,

Who gore his fine form like absurd nomenclators;
 And many a blockhead who breathes but to steal,
 Adheres to his name like the fly on the wheel.

They affix to each page a dull marginal note,
And expound on a text which the bard—never wrote.
But Pride governs all; in their various ways,
'Tis the prejudice speaks, and the prejudice sways;
Men argue and write, as French cooks make their
dishes;
And blend fact with falsehood, to compass their wishes.

Mr. HOLMAN.

Possessing a clear and a capable head,
With the mein of a gentleman, gay and well-bred;
See HOLMAN quit Science, who calls *veni Domine*,
To embrace, with young vigor, the charms of Melpo-
mene.
From the fam'd banks of Isis this eleve has stray'd,
To pay his devoirs to the tragical maid;
To forego the dull page of the classical schools,
And enlist in the Drama, and bend to its rules;
Tho sapient Philosophy thrice call'd his name,
He shut up his ears, and walk'd onward to Fame;
The deeds of romance fill'd a niche in his brain,
And Hesiod and Eschylus pleaded in vain:
Theology wept o'er his youthful endeavour,
As he left her ador'd Alma Mater for ever,
When Worth call'd him forth to the paths of Contrition,
He experienc'd the joys and the ills of Ambition;
The phantoms of HONOR crept round to seduce him,
The offspring of ENVY to crush and traduce him:

To

To the **FIRST** all the fire of youth gave the rein,
To the **LAST** all the traits of the man spoke didain.

Would he seek for the avenues leading to glory,
That his name might irradiate a theatric story;
He should walk in the path of judicious gradation,
Arranging his passions in subordination:
But the toil will be great, as his genius is such,
Which impels him to give, or too little, or much;
'Tis shackled by obstacles, monstrous, tho' bold,
Intolerant heat, and unnatural cold;
For there are who possess contradictory souls,
High-fraught with the temper of opposite poles.
Bid him seek gentle Nature, unravel her schemes,
For the path of Propriety severs extremes:
She is young, gay, and beautiful, constant, and kind:
Bid him list to her lays, and illumine his mind:
No schismatic dogmas will fall from her tongue,
Impotently grave, or vindictively wrong.
The eloquent lessons that Nature will sing,
Refresh like the Zephyrs, and glad like the Spring.—
When Roscius first honor'd old Albion's stage,
To dignify mirth, and give reason to rage;
He sought for the nymph, in her all-hallow'd cell,
To marshal his thought, and be bound by her spell:
And the canons she taught for the progress of art,
He wrote on the tablets that liv'd in his heart.
She holds up the Stagyrice, Terence, and Plautus,
To regulate errors that Custom had brought us.

There

There he stole like young Troilus every night,
And ravag'd her treasures, and fed on delight ;
He utter'd his complaints at her roseate throne,
Till he melted the nymph, and his woes were her own.

His words flow too quick to administer pleasure ;
In adagio time, and precipitate measure :
Like a torrent that rushes adown a steep hill,
Till the breath is no longer obedient to skill ;
Now it thunders, then roars, as it dashes the stones,
Then recedes from the ear, and we lose half its tones
By degrees ; till the springs of its violence fail,
And its murmurs decay, and it dies in the vale.

The good-natur'd critic, with pain, takes offence,
When his natural warmth mars his natural sense :
But the sword eats the scabbard—'tis fairly presum'd,
That the seeds of his judgment by heat are consum'd ;
But Time an amendment will work by his rigour,
And temper the force of this overstrain'd vigour ;
But the fault is a good one, though yet 'tis a fault,
That leads him on Reason to make an assault.
For a juvenile actor, whose method's too tame,
Will scarce ever mount to the regions of Fame ;
In the humaniz'd system e'en causists confess,
That a fire is harder to raise than suppress :
This want of due force sicklies MIDDLETON's deeds ;
Whom Genius approves, and whom Modesty leads.

It pains me to hear a vile animal quote
Some poignant expression that SHAKESPEARE has wrote :
And

And deliver the text with as formal an air,
 As the dull, drawling tone of a methodist prayer:
 While Folly attends to the vapid oration,
 And madness mistakes for an apt inspiration.—
 There are who THALIA's best heroes engage,
 Whose villanous efforts but sully the stage;
 With arrogant minds, in presumption o'er-weening,
 Rant, laugh, dance, and sing, without—merit or meaning:
 Such parrots deny human wit as a master,
 For their merit consists in who chatters the faster.

This youth should set bounds to his tragic descanting,
 Which sometimes approaches the precincts of ranting:
 In gentlemen juniors, adjust his proud walk;
 And abandon the stare, and Titanian stalk.
 That action which Nature involves in her plan,
 When dignified LEON's assuming the man,
 Would be awkward and stiff in LOTHARIO the rover,
 Or volatile BELMONT, or ROMEO the lover.
 A part over-strain'd damns the aims of Expression,
 And gives much offence to Delight and Discretion:
 Erecting the body, and bridling the head
 In all situations, is vile and ill-bred;
 'Tis torturing the *vertebræ* bone of his back,
 Till the joints creak with pain, and integuments crack.
 But bid him be cautious of too much repentance,
 Nor do aught beyond what's prescrib'd by this sentence:
 Nor sink, in the strife to do right with avidity,
 From the heights of young rage—to the vale of torpidity,
 Like

Like KEMBLE with classical trifles affected,
Who fine-draws a point till the sense is bisected.

Ere he'll sit on the high hill of Fame with his gains,
His ideal rage must have ideal chains :
When he means that his victim should breathe as accurst,
The anathema fails, and each start is a burst !
Then the wide ear of jealousy catches with gladness,
Explosions for anger—for sentiment madness :
With requisites, ENVY beholds morn and eve,
He should ne'er let his Auditor laugh in his sleeve
His ROMEO, the tear-dropping Muse loves to mention
His EDGAR's a treat for the keenest attention.

I would guide him to Truth, but the maid is destroy'd,
And but few mourn her fate, who so many annoy'd :
The meek abject nymph was by myriads assail'd,
And, wounded, she droop'd, undeplor'd and unwail'd ;
Resign'd to high Heaven, she gave up her breath,
And fell, like Rome's Cæsar—illustrious in death.

MISS WILKINSON.†

WITH grace see young WILKINSON put in her claim,
Tho' chill'd by cold doubts for the plaudits of Fame ;
In the rays of her virgin timidity basking,
Her heart seems to fear what her wishes are asking :
When she warbles her sonnets with rapture and skill,
'Tis an instance where Nature has triumph'd o'er will.†

† Now MRS. MOUNTAIN.

The force of applause has awaken'd that merit,
 Which long lay entranc'd by a timorous spirit:
 She saw at a distance the stage, and its terrors,
 She felt, and acknowled'd, the strength of her errors,
 To impudent habits a foe and a stranger,
 The eye of Conception had magnified danger.
 Her colloquy justifies Wisdom's defence,
 Her notes gently steal on the fetter-bound sense;
 To glad and improve like the soft southen breeze,
 When he fans the rich valleys, and sports 'mid the trees;
 By magic like this, mirthful wonders are wrought,
 And ivy-bound Joy is made pregnant by Thought;
 Who laughs 'mid her labours, at Anguish with scorn,
 And the brisk panting Heart feeds the brood that are born.

May no rude blasts of Censure suppress her meek toil,
 And wither the plant as it peeps from the soil!
 When the genus is tender, and flowret is rare,
 The well-skill'd Conductor redoubles his care;
 Protects it when Boreas wings a rude gale,
 But leaves it to Fate when the Zephyrs prevail.

MR. P O P E.

In the African Captive, see POPE wake Surprise,
 And call Pity's tears into feminine eyes;
 When poor OROONOKO is goaded by foes,
 That player outrageously pictures his woes:
 Tho' his person is fashion'd and pruned by Perfection,
 His weakness incessantly meets our detection

With

With a fine rounded voice, full of Melody's tones,
He wastes half its compass in sighs and in groans ;
And thinks, cause the buskin he's ta'en into keeping,
His duty directs he should always be weeping.
—When the tear of a man from his eyelids will start,
It should seem like a tribute that's wrung from the heart ;
As an offering that's paid to the cause of a crime,
To woe that's unmeasur'd, and grief that's sublime :
But if they're call'd forth on each trivial occasion,
Their worth is no more, and they lose their persuasion ;
Then Ridicule laughs at the tears as they roll,
To tell us the man has—a half-finish'd soul ;
With a dropsical brain, which his fancy dispenses,
To drown his perception, his reason, and senses ;
That makes his high judgment for ever caught napping,
And which ne'er can have ease but by constantly tapping.
Tho' his **HOTSPUR**'s an excellent critical sop,
His **BELLAMY** stalks but a solemnized fop :
As **CLARINDA** steps back with a face fraught with wonder,
When he sues her for pity in accents of thunder.

Tho' his strong understanding is blest with profundity,
His face mars its force by a stupid rotundity ;
It was form'd to accomplish less amiable uses,
And wins, by a smile, every maid—but the Muses ;
Too fastuous for exquisite passion's digression,
Too fair for a hero, too round for expression ;
Like a beggar at law, whom no barrister blesses,
His mind lacks an agent to plead its distresses ;

All his muscles rebel 'gainst judicious controul,
 And his face gives the lie to a sensible soul.
 His fears to do less than enough, never quit him,
 His clothes in the gentleman ne'er seem to fit him:
 With rant he too often disgusts the beholders,
 And offends by continually writhing his shoulders.
 But his faults like the stones of the pavement decay,
 When quick-dropping springs wear the surface away.

He has gain'd, as a fence 'gainst the sorrows of life,
 An excellent friend in an elegant wife;
 By YOUNG's sober *Night Thoughts* he perfects each plan
 As she re-peruses his—*Essay on Man*:
 Thus jocund, they dignify Hymen's sweet rites,
 And the work of each other, each other delights:
 But she oft gives his follies a well manner'd check,
 And holds him from ill, with a chain round his neck;
 Thus he's kept in a cage, as Dame FITZ keeps her
 squirrels,
 And by wedlock's improv'd—like the BLOOD of the
 BURRELS.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

Behold a blithe Syren, high priz'd and high finish'd!
 Fall back, ye meek songsters, abash'd and diminish'd:
 'Tis BILLINGTON comes, public praise to implore,
 Whom Honor pursues, and the Muses adore!
 Receive her with homage, ye slaves of Apollo,
 As Destiny sent her, for Merit to follow;

M

To

To command suppliant throngs, like the tyrant of Delhi,
High charg'd with caprice like renown'd GABRIELLI:
With Beauty's soft blandishments arm'd to delight,
Resistless and charming, she bursts on the sight;
From her eyes issue rays of voluptuous mirth,
And she catches applause, ere the judgment has birth.

Had Helen, who set the Greek states in a flame,
Been as lovely in feature, as beauteous in frame;
What man but would combat his legions delighted,
And rush upon Death's ebon spear unaffrighted:
By desperate action amaze human wonder,
And laugh at old Jove, and the point of his thunder!
Were Anacreon living, to brighten these days,
He'd weave her high name in his amorous lays:
And Latian minstrels her gifts would rehearse,
In all the rich splendor of classical verse;
Her lips red as coral, soft, pulpy and sweet,
For Love's warm embraces, in silence, intreat:
Like the fruit of the vintage, decreed for our use.
They promise, on pressure, an exquisite juice;
The High Priest of Comus gave birth to her wiles,
And Venus corrected her dimples and smiles:
She arm'd her fine eye with that envied ability,
To warm the cold bosom of Insensibility:
Thus she makes greater numbers their liberties yield,
Than Cæsar subdu'd in Pharsalia's field.
As radiant Phœbus, to nymphs ever kind,
With the spirit of harmony blended her mind;

Illumin'd

Illumin'd and lovely the chantress appears,
 If cloath'd with ineffable laughter or tears:
 The sons of Humanity felt not such glee,
 When the regent of Paphos emerg'd from the sea;
 And shook from her tresses the drops of the ocean,
 And leap'd on the beach, to wake bliss into motion.
 Insatiate Attention devours the strains,
 And listening wretches forget all their pains:
 Like the visits of Peace, to our miseries kind,
 She calms those rough tumults which torture the mind.
 The wandering Zephyrs creep round when she sings,
 To steal her best notes, with aerial wings;
 Then leave the gay nymph, of her powers bereft,
 And flit o'er the Alps, with the elegant theft;
 Where Cecilia descends to unburthen the Gales,
 As kingdoms applaud in Italia's vales.

But how great the reduction of eminent skill,
 When the graces of Art are o'erthrown by the will!
 Should pride follow Worth, in a constant gradation!
 Should Caprice be the offspring of high reputation?
 Philosophy shrinks when bright Genius, inspir'd,
 Can forfeit by Pride, what by Worth she acquir'd;
 Tho' she breathes her soft notes with a soul-melting thrill,
 Poor Nature is lost in the triumphs of skill;
 As she courts Affectation to win us and please,
 But leaves to her mates, artless manners and ease.
 Thus harmoniz'd REYNOLDS shews part of her power,
 As the bud glads the sight before Time opes the flower.

In the lofty *bravuras* she copies the spheres ;
 But in madrigal ballads gives pain to our ears ;
 Her trills, the sweet bosom of Sense never warm,
 Tho' her sportive cantabilies win us and charm :
 With wonderful art, she can marshal her voice,
 And, selecting her airs, makes a judicious choice ;
 By fine-spun address, gains our plaudits and favor,
 And husbands that little which Providence gave her.
 She oft wants the gentle assistance of Ease,
 And seems more intent to surprise than to please :
 Tho' the nymph in MANDANE excites admiration,
 The wild notes of CATLEY had more inspiration.
 In songs fraught by Judgment, her powers are plain,
 Tho' her tones are confin'd, and her shakes give us pain ;
 Impressing her stomach, as sick, sore or lame,¹
 She drags up the notes from the caves of her frame ;
 Opes her mouth like a well, 'till poor Reason flies from it,
 And doubts if the nymph means to carol or vomit.

When she blazons Distraction and equals Truth's law,
 And portrays PURCELL's Bess agoniz'd 'mid her straw,
 As she runs thro' the frantic division with ease,
 I tremble—I pity—I burn and I freeze !
 Not all the bright magic of RICHARD'S † black eye !
 (Which illustrates those points that no tongue can supply),

Not the moon-beam to elphins who dew-wetted trip,
 Not the melon's cold juice to the Indian's parch'd lip !

Now Mrs. EDWIN.

Not

Not the nut's balmy milk to the fowl in the wild,
Not the big-bellied clusters to Semele's child,
Not the honey fraught stem of the rose to the Bee,
Were by Rapture so hail'd as that *wonder* by me.
Yet nor SAPPHO, nor MARA nor deified BANTI,
Or that Tuscan brown beauty, renown'd ALLEGRIANT;
Spell-circled Cumean or minstrel divine,
Or had or have witcheries so potent as thine;
Vast is the magic of your hymn and eyes,
The Babblers ponders, and the Gazer dies:
Touch'd by thy strain would Bacchus cease to sip,
And tear the goblet from his ruby lip:
His tigers foam no more, whom Fury fir'd,
And God and Savage breathe by thee inspir'd.
Sweet HARMONY, hail! to our miseries given,
As parent of Concord, and daughter of Heaven;
The powers of MUSIC were sent as a blessing,
The evils attendant on mortals redressing:
Like the converse of Beauty, for rapture design'd,
She purifies, softens, and gladdens the mind;
The burthens of Want imperceptibly stealing,
And lightens the dark habitations of Feeling.
Aonian maids crowd her fanes in a throng,
Imploring her influence to fashion their song;
The proud and the petulant—poor and the vain,
Who from life's varied weaknesses, shrinks and complain;
Intreat all the force of her excellent power,
To wound that despondence which fills up their hour.

By her aid the grim furies could Orpheus quell,
 And charm his lost nymph from the torments of hell,
 The voice of the minstrel could Fierceness destroy,
 And Tartarus blaz'd with a gleam of new joy :
 Implacable Dis own'd the charms of his lyre,
 And Proserpine waken'd to sigh and admire.
 She eases the smart of Affliction's keen rod,
 She elevates Sense to the state of a God :
 And the tones from her shell can all beings refine,
 Till the brute leaps in sport, and the man feels divine.

MR. EDWIN.

See EDWIN come forth with a confident air,
 As the high priest of Momus, and spoiler of Care ;
 The dryness of WESTON, and SHUTER's droll whim,
 By Nature were blended, and centre'd in him :
 Hark ! the theatre rings, as the wight makes his entry,
 For such men are not born above once in a century ;
 Like a watery tabby he sports with his fame,
 Which oft changes hue, tho' the texture's the same.
 If he errs now and then, and his faults meet detection,
 It but proves that the best are not heirs of perfection.
 To debauch Common Sense he takes many a shape,
 But we laugh at the crime as a comical rape.
 If at Reason's expence he attracts some applause,
 Yet his blushes denote he's asham'd of the cause !
 If he sometimes shou'd wound the best props of the
 stage,

'Tis to tickle the lungs of a dissolute age ;

But.

But his name is a tower of strength, that defies
 All the storms which engender in critical skies;
 For the interests of Comedy follow his beck,
 And the Haymarket Theatre hangs round his neck.

When he first shone in MIDAS the world was amaz'd,
 Admiration pursu'd him, and Excellence gaz'd:
 His rival comedians awak'd to explore,
 And marvel at graces they ne'er saw before.
 His Cambrio SIR HUGH is a true comic test,
 Who, like RICHARD HILL, turns his pray'r to a jest;
 With ditties and puns he holds Thought in detention,
 With the magic of Mirth charms the public attention,
 With nonsense in verse can elate and delight 'em,
 And gives them variety *ad infinitum*:
 Burlettas in future, when pregnant with whim,
 The bard shall, with pride, dedicate but to him;
 As the God of festivity, foe of Despair,
 The beacon of Joy, and assassin of Care.

The irregular movements that mark all his trials
 To sing, just resemble the fam'd Seven Dials:
 Tho' by various paths the blithe minstrel will enter,
 He trips on to Truth which is plac'd in the centre;
 And none feel alarm'd lest he's out of his way,
 As they know where he'll rest at the end of his lay;
 Like the mountains of Mourne, though abrupt and
 alarming,

Their wild inequalities make them more charming.
 Tho' he steers near the wind; in a literal sense,
 He ne'er lets the helm touch the rocks of offence:

When

When Decency's drawing her lineaments down,
 His wit charms her will, ere they sink to a frown.
 Philosophy smiles at his well-manner'd joke,
 And Wisdom applauds the exuberant stroke;
 To the force of his muscles and strength of his name,
 O'KEEFE† is in debt for his pence and his fame !
 Like chemical liquids creating a pother,
 They beautify, strengthen, and brighten each other :
 If diminish'd apart, when their bodies are blended
 Their value is seen, and their virtues are mended;
 And a colour's produc'd by the well-temper'd union,
 Which deludes, while it charms, like the paste at communion !

O'KEEFE is a mortal who lives to o'erthrow
 The threat'ning pile of each critical foe;
 Like the Anthropophagi in each varied season,
 He fattens, he feeds, on the bowels of Reason;
 In terrible ruin she bleeds 'neath his knife,
 A prey to his works, and abridg'd of her life ;
 By *effect*, as they call it, by whim, and by pun,
 Are our senses debauch'd, and—the drama undone ;
 Like the wondrous Asbestos his toils we admire,
 Whose labors surmount e'en the critical fire ;
 As the furnace the fossil-fraught dtapery whitens,
 So public contempt his capacity brightens.

† Mr. O'KEEFE, since the issuing of this character, has produced a Comedy at Covent Garden Theatre, entitled *WILD OATS*, which would not dishonor the pen of our best Dramatists.

Mrs. B A T E S.

When BATES in the spleen her *fierte* dispenses,
 Her angry eloquence jars all the senses;
 No delicate springs give a force to her soul,
 Or sentiment chains keep her rage in controul:
 Untutor'd, ungraceful, unbless, unrefin'd,
 With a sonorous voice, and a masculine mind;
 Like tempest-fraught furies, whose tongues never cease,
 The sound of her lays fright the offsprings of Peace;
 Like Orion in heaven, her ill-omen'd form
 Ne'er bursts on the scene but it threatens a storm;
 And her tones wound the ear, till, transfix'd with our
 wonder,

We all scud aghast from the feminine thunder.
 Her accents are harsh, ill-conceiv'd and erroneous;
 They're sometimes explicit, but never harmonious;
 With a terrific tongue to assist a detractress,
 They spoil'd a good scold when they made her an actress,
 No gentle ingredients seem mix'd with her clay,
 For the vixen's in front, be the part what it may:
 Her humours are rancid, her lungs are Stentorian,
 Her soul seems perturbed, as winds hyperborean:
 Like the Lamia 'mid Hebrews, distracted and wild,
 She appalls by her ranting, man, woman, and child.

To personate women of fashion she's wrong,
 As to her the calm graces did never belong;
 'Tis a caricature of original truth,
 Like Age mumbling crusts that were destin'd for youth.
 'Tis

'Tis an outrage on Ease, when she labors to smile,
 A malevolent grin seems the fruit of the soil;
 For the spiteful young congress that play in her eye,
 Give the half-finish'd laugh on her visage the lie.
 Her port seems as awkward in high-polish'd vanity
 As a lawyer who talks of his God and humanity;
 Or a *blue-stocking* Bardling who prates about wit,
 Or an uncarterd bawd, when she quotes Holy Writ:
 Or MORGAN haranguing on legal ability,
 Or HAWKINS enforcing the bliss of humility;
 Or hallow'd WILL PETERS when raving 'bout charity,
 Or BOYDELL descanting on feasts and hilarity;
 Or BARRY when swearing that Fortune a jade is,
 Or JOHNNY BURNELL when saluting the ladies.

Mr. HENDERSON.

By the faint gleams of life that irradiate yon gloom,
 Behold the pale Muses round HENDERSON's tomb:
 His eminent name shall exist undefil'd,
 Like Pompey's fam'd pillar in Africa's wild;
 To cheer a wide desert, and solace the plains,
 And attract Admiration to view its remains,
 Its splendid proportion, its size, and its neatness,
 And marks of its vast super-eminent greatness.
 It will keep a due sense of ambition alive,
 And shew to what heights human art may arrive.

Tho' his forehead resembled old FALSTAFF's bare
 knee,
 And his eyes seem'd th' incompetent agents of Glee;
 Tho'

Tho' his lips hung like penthouses over his breast,
And his body and limbs seem'd by Awkwardness drest,
Yet the man in the aggregate wondrously blaz'd,
Enslav'd us, improv'd us, inform'd, and amaz'd;
And that notion destroy'd of which fools are so fond,
That the soul and the face in all points correspond.
His vocal inflection was just and extensive,
His mien all-commanding, his mind comprehensive;
And he gave the quaint turns of the laugh-loving knight,
With a fatness of tone that was dear to Delight.

In the drama's wide circle he rovd unconfin'd,
To embellish, with Truth, an original mind;
His compeers from him all their dignity won,
As erratic orbs gather light from the sun,
When he mov'd in the firmament journeying his way,
The satellites follow'd to blaze with his ray.
Can we wonder the stage should be dark in these days,
When that sun we lament has withdrawn with those
rays?

Now like planets unlit in their orderly race,
They wander at will into infinite space;
Attempt thro' the regions of Science to soar,
When their brans are unhing'd, and their chief is no
more;

Conjuring Ambition to guide them to Fame;
But the wench plays the jilt and betrays them to Shame.
Thus FARREN and HARLEY, so forceful their pride is,
Have labour'd to wield the vast club of Alcides;

But

But fell neath the toil with a sigh and a tear,
 One *sunk* in HORATIUS and t'other in LEAR.
 This chieftain, unblest in his voice and his feature,
 Like SHERIDAN stood, not indebted to Nature;
 He pin'd when he knew all the gifts that he wanted,
 And his feelings requested what Industry granted.
 Tho' the Piedmontese mountain, which talks to the skies,
 With a low'ring brow, human labor defies;
 Yet Hannibal smil'd at the frowns of the regions,
 And cut thro' their bosom a path for his legions,
 An integral dramatic performance I ween,
 Is what never was, nor will ever be seen;
 Some component particle always is wanting,
 To perfect the whole, when the muse is descanting:
 If the Actor is good, oft the Poet's erroneous,
 Who presuming, is damn'd, like inflated Salmoneus:
 When the Author feels all that the Muse can inspire,
 The Player wants dignity, pathos, or fire:
 Thus Errors change hands, like gay youth in a dance,
 And when Judgment's retreating, the Follies advance.
 Thus, like strata in mines, the materials lay,
 And the ore of high value is mingled with clay.
 The theatre now like a desert appears,
 And who is amaz'd that the Muses shed tears,
 Where GARRICK and BARRY have gladden'd their eyes,
 For their thought can give birth but to sadness or sighs!
 It seems like poor Zama when Fortitude fled,
 Or Imperial Rome when her Cæsar lay dead.

To compare what once was, with the things that now are
 But plunges each Sense in the deeps of Despair :
 Go find me those RICHARDS, OTHELLOS and PIERRES,
 The BENEDICTS, CATOS, CASTALIOS and LEARS !
 Who once gave, like Hope, universal delight,
 And crept to the heart thro' the medium of sight ;
 Tho' our modern young Scions oft make an assumption,
 The gods have but marr'd them with pride and pre-
 sumption.

See Grist, CLINCH, and BANNISTER, DIMOND, and
 FARREN,

And others who sport in the dramatic warren ;
 Tho' they all were enlighten'd at Roscius' fam'd School,
 And, taught by one master, they all slight his rule :
 Like the wandering Amphiscii, whose singular state.
 Made sceptics to question the wisdom of Fate ;
 For, tho' warm'd and supported by one solar blaze,
 The shades of their bodies fall contrary ways.

MISS W H E E L E R.

See sidling, advancing, now simp'ring, now crying,
 This moment in raptures, the next moment sighing ;
 Egregious WHEELER, whose manners are such,
 That her best friends forsake her as Wit flies the Dutch.
 I'm pos'd in what class of strange beings to blend her,
 As her humors and passions are known to no gender :
 Half Italian, half English, like food for the belly,
 When neck of beef's garnish'd with boil'd vermicelli :

N

Like

Like Berwick-on-Tweed that divides two great nations ;
But unown'd by them both, tho' they both are relations.

When this tittering nymph trod Hibernia's shore,
She was madden'd with praise that she ne'er knew before:
Some credulous friend, by exerting his sway,
Turn'd the keen blasts of Judgment incautious away ;
With JUBAL's sweet lyre, compar'd her coarse reed,
Fed, propp'd, and protected the musical weed ;
And, by strangling those facts, which, if known, had
disgrac'd her,

Thurst the ideot on Fame, who unwilling embrac'd her :
But 'twas praise ill bestow'd on a reptile so humble,
'Twas an act where his honor was soil'd by a stumble ;
'Twas like dressing a fool, in defiance of Fate,
Or moaning for miscreants lying in state ;
Like a *fete* at Bologna, or monkish vagary,
When they cloath a mean wench with the robes of
Saint Mary.

I hear Reason question the sense of the nation,
That gave such an awkward young minx toleration :—
But various the arts, in this overgrown town,
By which *shadows* for *substance* are ta'en and go down.
'The mob weds the dogma, if Fashion has said it.
And nine tenths of men's virtues they take upon—credit.

Mr. FEARON.

Unaccountable FEARON demands my attention ;
But defies my best powers, to mark his dimension :

Like

Like the month of November, that sullies the year,
He's adust, short, and gloomy, black, foul, and severe;
His front, like a fog, brings distress on the mind,
Unwholesome, obnoxious, unblest, and unkind:
His fancy seems choak'd with saturnine ideas,
To lead him to murders like those of Medea's.
In strong trepidation the Sciences fly
From his loud intonation and scowl of his eye:
When he damns, like a chief of the church inquisition,
The oath seems the child of a dark disposition.—
Yet this is but seeming—what being will scorn him,
When the Duties of Virtue with pleasure adorn him?
To please her he roves, like the tenants of Tartary,
And the milk of humanity flows in each artery,

In BELMONT the elder, with rigor imprest,
He chides his gay son, like a butcher well drest;
Disdaining all customs but those of his sires,
Makes the manners of kings bend to meet his desires;
With a sinewy arm, lays Mortality's lash on,
And ne'er seems so happy, as—when in a passion.

In ZADAN, the captive, his skill bears the test,
For his part, tho' restricted, eclipses the rest;
If he made but few efforts, those efforts were good,
As they warm'd and promoted the course of the blood;
Till the streams of benevolence quicken'd to flow,
And the frame trembled round, with a concord of woe;
Till the ice-temper'd chains of the heart 'gan to melt,
And the tears of rude nature prov'd, savages felt.

MRS. *INCHEBALD*.

To mangle poor Decency's breathless remains ;
To rob gentle Reason of all her domains ;
To give the last blow to expiring Propriety :
To feed a base town with still baser variety—
See delicate INCHEBALD assume the foul quill ;
And satirize Wisdom, by pleasing her will !
Tho' unskill'd in the true fabrication of tenses,
She tickles our weakness, and talks to the senses ;
For Venus is titt'ring, and Priapus smiles,
As the Queen of Voluptuousness Nature beguiles ;
She canters her steed thro' Parnassian lanes,
Till the blood from her heart has half madden'd her
 brains :
Then, seizing the standish, writes quaint and un-
 common ;
As the rake mounts aloft, on—the dregs of the woman,
Contemptuously treating the feminine duties,
Her breasts lacks the cambric to cover its beauties.
With the pages of Sappho her cranium she dresses,
While her smock goes unwash'd, and abandon'd her
 tresses.
If she caught approbation, she car'd not a jot,
If the plaudit's deriv'd from a scholar or sot ;
The cause, she imagin'd, was blanch'd by the end ;
And, to flatter an idiot, neglected—a friend.

Thus.

Thus her mind like clear amber, condens'd by stagnation,
 Exhibits the dirt it imbib'd in formation:
 Like ungender'd abortions, her plays have annoy'd;
 Which are born, see the light, and, when seen, are
 destroy'd.

To effect the sublime, by an artifice new,
 And bring all its majesty forward to view,
 She purloin'd the stool on which KEMBLE had writ,
 The choicest morceaus of his Jesuit wit;
 A stool far more blest than the harps of old Snowden,
 Or the tripod of Delphos, or goblet of Woden.
 Uprais'd on its bosom that simpering child,
 Self-complacent created young grins, that half smild:
 And penn'd wondrous odes, and astonishing lays,
 As have pos'd all discernment and beggar'd all praise.
 When clos'd in Douay's sacred cells, the meek youth,
 Receiv'd the behest of all blessings—but Truth.
 High-mounted on that the fair novelist sits,
 To watch as her pulses give strength to her wits;
 Like the Pythian priestess, she feels new sensations,
 That mounts from her seat in divine exhalations:
 Then laughs, cries and blots, plunges, ponders and
 writes,
 Faint, screams and looks wild, reconceives and indites;
 As KEMBLE administers truth to the sinner,
 'Till his eye-balls grow dim, and the god stirs within her:
 From the itch to be witty what miseries flow
 When the toil of the brain but establishes woe!

Hence Bedlam's drear jaws have been cramm'd to satiety,

Hence maniac's have risen to frighten Propriety ;

Hence orthodox ideots perplex our best senses,

Hence PRIESTLEY with pride vague opinions dispenses;

Hence whey freighted COWPER protracts his disease,

And the mental wine drawn can get drunk with the lees;

And CUMBERLAND's pleas'd that his muse, tho' in years,

Should annual conceive, tho' each brat's born in tears,

'Thus Harlots feel happy when pregnant suspected,

'Tho' they know the base fruit will be scoff'd and neglected.

But COWLEY and INCHBALD more mad than their neighbours,

With God and the Devil besprinkle their labors;

Sure the traits of the mind must be oddly directed,

When their bawdry destroys what their morals effected.

But writing and wisdom set each at defiance,

And journey no longer in peace and alliance:

Thus WALPOLE told CHATTERTON, speaking of skill,

When the half-famish'd bard rov'd to STRAWBERRY

HILL:

Talk to me man, of genius! why, zounds, 'tis all stuff,

Go write when you're rich, and the thing's well enough,

Will Genius protect you from Want's fell decree?

'Then leave bleak Parnassus to CARLISLE and me;

Books charm by their dress tho' the language is vapoury,

As foo's blaze at court by the aid of their drapery.

MF.

Mr. JOHNSTONE.

See myrtle-crown'd JOHNSTONE advancing between
us,

Like the rover of Troy, or the minion of Venus;
To please and be pleas'd make up all his employment,
The cause and the end of his being's—enjoyment:
'Mid the fair and the beauteous his handkerchief flies,
And the fair and the beauteous contend for the prize;
'Till glutted from Love's varied banquet he rises,
And like *Louis Qu'lo, ze* even dainties despises.

As Fortune and Fate have peculiarly blest him,
The coxcombs all simper—the men all detest him.
And stirrings the atoms of Envy's foul dregs,
Assail his proportions, and sneer at his *legs*;
But an *Irishman's leg* is not priz'd for its quickness
But its strength and its vigor, its nerve, and its thick-
ness:

If it hold the frame firmly, the man wins the day,
For the owners ne'er use them—in running away.

Amid all his failings this sure is the oddest;
That he *seems* in all character somewhat—too modest;
Rests his head on his chest, like a bawd at a burial,
And looks grave as the guard at the Spanish Escorial;
Or a half-witted judge, when our follies reviling,
Tho' his heart and his will are incessantly smiling,
Draws his muscles in order, and, bridling his fury,
Looks just like a culprit when eye'd by his jury;

Then

Then touches his forehead, to wipe off the dew
Of an ideal shame, that his front never knew.

Like the mermaid, whose figure's in story decided,
His frame and his melody both are divided ;
The upper division of each is harmonious,
The lower discordant, ill-form'd, and erroneous ;
They clash and contend like two priests for a mitre,
And discolour each other like copper and nitre.
His voice was by Nature so widely bisected,
It ne'er can be rightly by judgment directed ;
For wanting an agent its beauties to tissue,
They teize the possessor, but cannot join issue :
It consists of contraries like punch but half made,
Or Rembrandt's designs of abrupt light and shade :
Like an ill manag'd concert without any fiddle,
Or Nobody's person, that lacks all his middle ;
If they sport with each other, the junction is ill,
Their bodies may meet, but they meet without will :
Like a Jew or Bramin with FATHER O'LEARY,
Or Gog in a dance with the Corfican fairy :
'Tis a wonderful mixture of whiskey and sack,
One half's RUBINELLI, the rest—PADDY WHACK.

Yet where shall we find in these dissonant days,
An opera chief that deserves so much praise ?
If he answers not every purpose of merit,
If view'd in all points he has taste, truth and spirit.
When we measure his worth by comparative rule,
His claims are gigantic, and shame the whole school :

As his fellow disciples, tho' poison'd with vanity,
Have nothing humane, save the husk of humanity.
(I except polish'd KELLY, that inmate of Science,
Who treats Competition with haughty defiance.)
Tho' BOWDEN's and MAHONS each other succeeded,
Their lives have been short, and their death is not
heeded.

'Take his aggregate qualities, voice and exterior,
'Tis a thousand to one if we meet his superior,
As his person is dignified, graceful, commanding,
And his eyes seem illum'd by a good understanding,
When Music's subdued by his Thalian powers,
His FLAHERTY and FOIGARD gladden our hours;
And his brogue no intent of Propriety sunders,
But adds a keen zest to his national blunders.

Mrs. BANNISTER.

See, placid and mild, gentle Bannister roves,
Like Humanity's parent in Eden's blest groves.
Discreetly, tho' trembling, she met high Ambition,
Uninjur'd in fame by a strong competition;
She ne'er drew applause by incontinent rudeness,
And boasted few charms but—superior goodness.
Celestial Decency led her along,
Corrected her manners, and sweeten'd her song:
She equall'd our wishes in lovely ROSETTA,
And oft prov'd the pilot that sav'd a burletta.

She

She touch'd Passion's chord in the love-stricken
POLLY,

And tinted the part with a faint melancholy;
With plaintive delight taught her numbers to flow,
As the skill of soft-harmony mellow'd her woe.
Her trills were the purest that e'er met the ear,
Melodious, audible, charming, and clear.
Her habits with pastoral maids claim'd affinity,
And lent polish'd graces to rural virginity.
Like, Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, appear'd this bright
woman,

Whose aspect is plain, tho' the structures's uncommon;
If the traits of a rude simple skill on its face is,
Examine the pile, and you'll find out new graces;
For the elegant INIGO gewgaws despis'd,
And the building, tho' plain, is but Greatness disguis'd.

Tho' she blazon'd to gladden an infamous age,
Conspicuously bland, and allied to the stage;
That white veil of Chastity hung round her action,
And damp'd the approaches of Vice and Detraction;
Like the priest of Marseillies, by the Virtues protected,
She pass'd thro' the ranks of Disease uninfected;
For Heaven's own agents, to Excellence kind,
Preserv'd from contagion the health of her mind.

She has quitted the stage, to fulfil her desire,
And trim Friendship's lamp round her family fire:
To the duties of social life she's retir'd
Who, private or public, is prais'd and admir'd:

Who

Who gladly proportions her will to her need,
And to bless and be blest makes the whole of her creed :
Thanks the gods that her measure of joy is complete,
As the Tumults of life lye in chains at her feet.

Hail, nuptial felicity ! rapturous station!
Which forms the best prop in the strength of a nation.
Blest source, from whence every happiness flows,
That subjugates passion, or conquers our woes !
The connubial twain, whom sweet virtue impresses,
Can draw forth the arrow from human distresses ;
Their mutual strife is to banish Despair,
And hide the shorn heart from the pressure of Care ;
Like the dreams of an angel, to transport resign'd,
The finger of Peace smoothes the springs of the mind,
As the kindred tie of soft Sympathy moves,
And the organs are tun'd by confederate Loves :
A commerce empyreal the senses unite,
To barter for blisses, and feed on delight ;
'Till the mind's so high charg'd, it can treasure no more,
But, fill'd with the balm of enjoyment, runs o'er.
From so hallow'd a state can weak nymphs have revolted
Can the daughters of Guilt boast a joy so exalted,
When a beauteous offspring, surrounding their knees,
Look up with ineffable wishes to please ;
In envious rivalry anxious to share
The test of their kindness, and force of their prayer ;
To catch ev'ry accent that falls from the tongue,
And echo the song which their parents had sung ?

With

With reciprocal blessings they cheat the sad hours,
Awaking the slumbers of infantine powers :
Correct those ideas which rise in gradation,
And hail innate worth in a young generation;
Explore all those objects that Wisdom has sought,
And polish with care the fine traces of thought;
Guard the void when their earliest pleasantries cease,
Then point out those rocks which have wreck'd human
peace ;

Impress their white minds with examples of worth,
And prune the weak thought, ere their knowledge has
birth !

Thus Art turns the stream with a liberal hand,
To strengthen the sapling, and nourish the land :
On exertions like these e'en the gods look with pleasure,
If their cup lacks a joy, Virtue fills up the measure.
As gladsome they journey down life's steep declivity,
Their toils shall be weaken'd by Mirth and Festivity ;
Young cherubs press forward to hail and adore'em,
And the beauties of Paradise open before 'em :
Led onward to Heaven by calm Resignation,
They'll wonder and pant on the brink of creation :
Then monarchs might envy their beatify'd lot,
As the world and its vanities all are forgot.
There angles shall fix the last seal to fatality,
And wrap the foud twain into bright immortality.

May the miscreant, who toils with apocryphal art,
To drive by his wiles gentle Peace from the heart;

(Like

(Like the reptile who poison'd the organs of Eve,
 And abandon'd to ruin, but sung to deceive;)
 Evince all those ornaments that Heaven has deign'd,
 To visit the wretch who his mandates prophan'd,
 May the ills of Pandora in concert surround him,
 May the moans of the damn'd issue forth to confound him;
 May he ever reflect, and eternally weep;
 May the demons of Thought break the band of his sleep;
 May the agents of Horror his senses enslave.
 And his shrieks of Remorse only cease in the grave.
 When he mould'ring decays, as humanity must,
 And hell drags his being to sully the dust,
 May the unction that's meant as a sacred ablution,
 Be chang'd by his God to the pass of pollution.

Mr. L E O N I.

Neglected, appall'd, sickly, poor and decay'd,
 See LEONI retiring in life's humble shade;
 'Tis but few little years since the charms of his voice.
 Made theatres echo, and thousands rejoice;
 When the Sock and the Buskin, depress'd and dismay'd,
 From the altars of Music call'd Voice to their aid.
 And by walking approv'd tho' the Thespian *via*,
 Tho' a slave to the tribes, prov'd the Drama's Messiah;
 But, like great SOBIESKI, the service forgot,
 The Pole and the Jew knew a similar lot;
 Tho' the first drove the Turk from the gates of Vienna.
 And the last banish'd Want when he woo'd the Duenna

O

Whe

When his talents seduc'd his meek soul into life,
And plac'd him to meet public pleasure and strife,
Like an owl in the sunshine, he met the broad ray,
And winking deplor'd the meridian day.
Unfit for the habits of scenic proficiency,
His song had scarce charms to make up the deficiency.
But cast, like a bark, down the streams of despair,
A prey to his fortunes, an inmate of Care ;
All shorn of those honors with which Merit crown'd him,
Bereft of those pence which he once threw around him,
To Abraham's bosom the profligate run,
Imploring relief, like the prodigal son,
Re-wedded his faith, paid his dues unto Cæsar,
And kiss'd the brown children of Nebuchadnezzar.
Digesting those acorns with peace and with pride,
Which his stomach in happier days had deny'd,
By his wand'rings the circumcis'd minstrel has found
That the friendship of Vice is at best but a sound ;
That Temp'rance was sent as the handmaid of Health,
That the peace of his mind's the most excellent wealth ;
That Pleasure and Sin are inveterate foes,
And that Virtue alone can embalm our repose.

Mr. *F A R R E N*.

By much the most ardent among the assuming,
By much most presumptuous amid the presuming ;
Hear *FARREN* affright every muse from his station,
By unqualified rant, and extreme intonation:

MEL-

MELPOMENE shrinks from his heroes and LEARS,
 He debases THALIA's bests smiles into sneers!
 But why should he walk in the dramatic van,
 Who exhibits at best, but the sign of a man?
 No min'stry of Art seem to lodge in his skull,
 That's inflexibly turgid, and rigidly dull.
 By what wondrous means has he brighten'd his name,
 How the deuce has he mixt with the followers of Fame?
 On the basis of puffs the false pile was erected,
 But its durable state has been often suspected.
 His glory, like poor CAGLIOSTRO's, is built
 On the slippery threshold of indirect guilt:
 Not like old Erostatus for burning a fane,
 Tho' crimes less enormous have made the man vain!
 Traducing WILL SHAKESPEARE, and mouthing heroics,
 In such a base style as would anger the Stoics:
 Like Epiminedes the poet of Crete,
 Stupidity binds both his hands and his feet.
 If apparent he reasons, the thing does but seem,
 For the man is entranc'd, and declaims in a dream;
 Hung round with inaptitudes formal and lazy,
 Automatical, heavy, dull, sombrous, half crazy;
 The husk of vulgarity dims every feature,
 Defeats his exertions, and sullies his nature.

'Tis said that when Thisbe first whisper'd her pains,
 By the pale lamp of night on fam'd Babylon's plains,
 By the destinies barr'd from a love-fraught embrace,
 The nymph sung her grief to a wall on the place.

Thus BRUNTON is fated to generate spleen,
 When FARREN and she fill the void of the scene.
 With a gesture of woe, and a high-passion'd tone,
 She pours out her complaints to a well-chissel'd stone :
 A mass more ignoble than those Sculptors deal in,
 That never were damn'd with—the torment of feeling,
 Who brings proud Horatius to comic perdition,
 And murders the Roman, *sans* shame or contrition.
 But Pride's fatal influence, *heu quam inglorium*,
 Has pierc'd the thick membrane and crack'd his sensorium.

Remember poor HANNO of Carthage his fate,
 Let him ponder in thought ere he aims to be great ;
 Bid him read classic lore, and behold how the case is,
 Lest the errors of LEAR shake him off from your basis,
 Tho' his OAKLEY and POLYDORE make us not glad,
 In the present dull day they're the best mid the bad.

MRS. CARGILL.

Ah ! where is sweet CARGILL ! to Harmony dear,
 Whose worth claims remembrance, that mem'ry a tear ?
 Gay Truth touch'd the hue of her virgin desires,
 Each Muse added strength to her fancy's first fires,
 Ev'ry sense was sublim'd by her soul-thrilling tone,
 And the fierce ceas'd to say that their hearts were their
 own.

She soften'd the Savage—she dignify'd Love ;
 As persuasive as Reason —as meek as the dove ;

As

As blythe as our wishes—as roseate as May;
As seducing as Hope, and as gladd'ning as day.
When she grew into life, by its gewgaws allur'd,
Ere her womanhood blaz'd, or her thought was matur'd,
Sly Vanity caught the youngminx in her net,
While Honor was lauding the matchless brunette,
And held her in bondage, to Folly resign'd,
Till she jaundic'd the purest conceits of her mind:
Then unpanoply'd loos'd her on Nature's wide field,
Where Guilt trac'd her foot steps and bade the maid
yield;

'Tho' her song was complete, yet her minstrelsy fail'd
'To charm as of old, ere the demon assail'd.
In CLARA she scarce knew applause at her lays end,
When she carroll'd in POLLY, 'twas POLLY embrazen'd
And that syren who once could enchain her beholders,
The Town, half indignant, shook off from its shoulders.
Thus ELOISE saw her best wishes miscarry,
Thus WOLSEY bemoan'd when he lost the eighth
HARRY.

With the West of the world, sicken'd, sick'ning and
tir'd,
Unbless'd, unprotected, betray'd, and bemir'd;
The green glassy deep she incontinent crost,
In search of that peace which her frailties had lost.
Where Phœbus gives light an additional gleam,
And darts his intense perpendicular beam

On the Orient kingdoms, whose fissure rent plains,
Have been tinted and moisten'd by Tyranny's stains;
Where Bramins our moral declension deplore,
And the billows recede hissing hot from the shore;
Where slaves dig for diamonds, which ideots prize,
Tho' their lustre was dimm'd when arrang'd near her
eyes.

But Peace was not there!—the mild harbinger vanish'd,
When men became despots, and Equity banish'd;
Her early associate the Wanderer mourn'd,
Re-ascended the bark, and to Europe return'd.
But as Peace wav'd her olive from Britain's extreme,
And the ills of her youth 'gan to fade like a dream;
A wild hurricane burst, and the waves mounted high,
Till the foam of the ocean had dash'd 'gainst the sky!
And cloud-blacken'd cloud bellowing low with fell thun-
der,

Till the lightning's keen flash tore their bodies asunder,
As her Reason uprose from the weight of her terrors.
Her faculties roam'd 'tween her God and her errors;
Then clasping that infant, Love gave, in her arms,
She indented her bosom, and wept o'er its charms.
Loud shrieking for mercy, half-madd'ning, half dead,
But the prayer was dispers'd by the storm round her head,
As its bolt smote the nymph with an aspect forlorn,
Who was plung'd in that sea whence a Nepthe was born.

Mr.

Mr. INCLEDON.

The Rabbies affirm when this world was but young,
And warring, wild matter chaotical hung:
'Twas Harmony, heaven-born Harmony rul'd
The antipathiz'd mass and the Elements school'd:
Then all fell in their ranks, Earth, Sun, Water and
Moon,

And the crash in the jointing, tho' loud was in tune!
If such is the force in accordance of parts,
Who'll marvel that sound should attach human hearts?

Mid the vocally blest and the first on the list,
Whom Excellence train'd and Calliope kist:
Behold charming INCLEDON, Melody's child,
Who's true tho' inconstant, and wondrous tho' wild:
Our VERNON, our BEARD, or our LOVE or our BART,
To whom social Rapture stands hugely in debt,
Could not step with a chance of success in his place,
Or sweep the strung lyre with half so much grace.
His fine *volume of tone* rushes forth on the ear,
Irresistibly charming, and matchless and clear:
His aids are from Nature—he draws from her store,
And tho' each draught is ample the nymph points to
more;

He's not worn out his welcome—he yet may be craving,
To receive each advantage the proud think worth having;
And that no vile impediments e'er might distress him,
She call'd Intuition to succour and bless him.

His *voice* is a *tenor*, a richer was ne'er
Intermingled with sound or the *vagabond air*!
Tis a wedding where Melody couples with Ease,
It is Echo's *bonne bouche* when she babbles to please.

Could he *act* as he *sings*, what an object he'd be?
What a priz'd *rara avis*—a minion of Glee!
I would give him the Syntax but cant make him think,
I may shew the Steed water, yet cant make him drink:
But to meet with a VOCALIST fit to act well,
Is a thought on which Hope can scarce patiently dwell,
The idea's absurd, why as soon might you seek,
For a burning volcano on GORDON's fair cheek:
TWINING's eight shilling tea mix'd with heath-gather-
ed dust,

Or Antiquity's ARCHER asleep in—a crust!
Tho' Policy's seldom been ENCLEDON's guide,
He is wondrous attentive to woo—the *right side*:
And uniform gives his priz'd song to their ears,
The *sinister* leaving to---PRELATES and PEERS.
Unabash'd he disports with the Orphean lyre,
As Judgment and Harmony temper his fire.

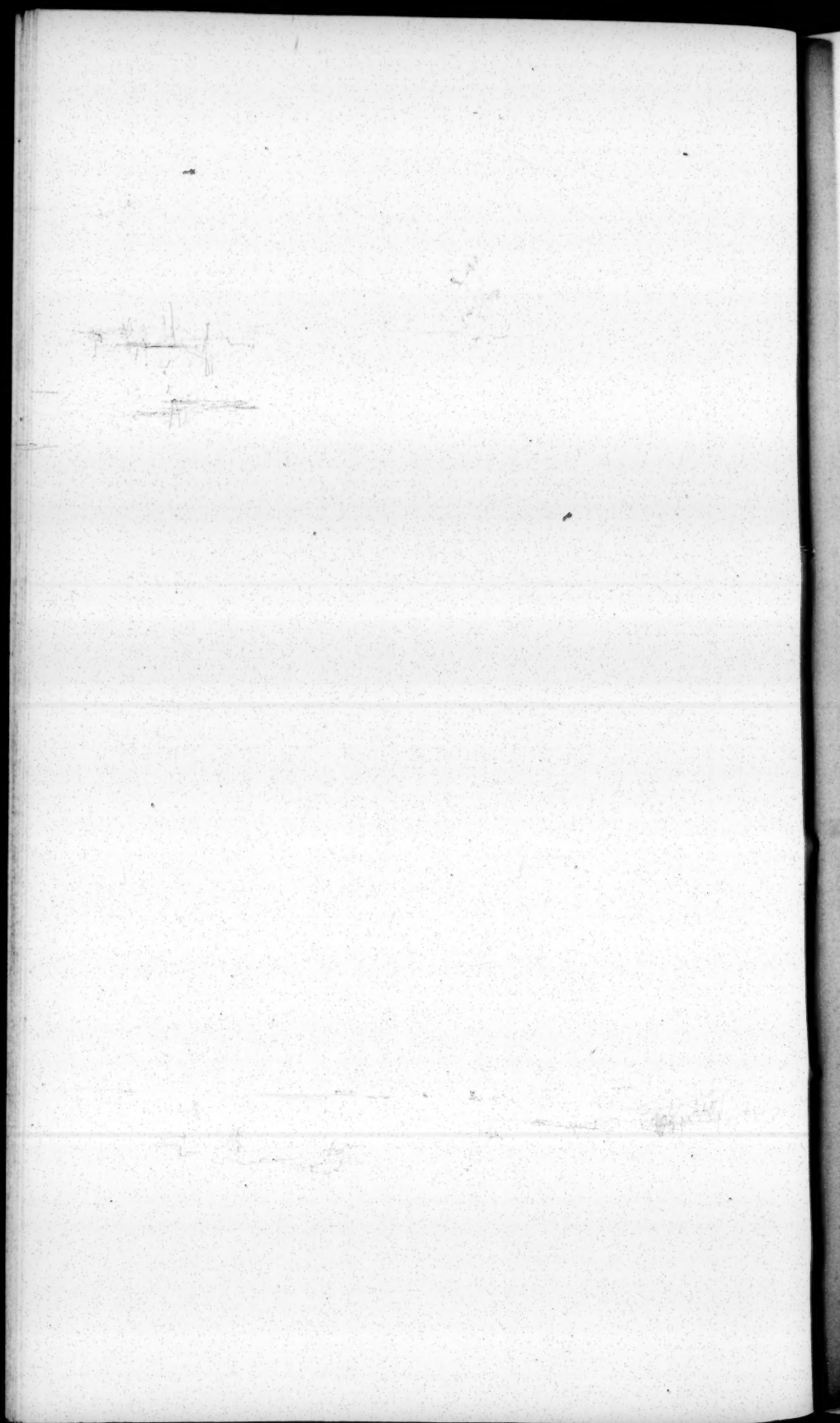
The Thracian minstrel's necromantic lay,
The harp of Jubal or the Theban boy;
The smile of Beauty or the birth of day,
Were not more dear to Wonder, Wit and Joy.

THE
C H I L D R E N
OF
THE SPIS.

A
P O E M.

THIRD PART.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1788.]



T O

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

EDWARD LORD THURLOW,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR

O F

GREAT BRITAIN.

MY LORD,

I HAVE taken the liberty of dedicating the following Poem to you, from motives of respect for your PUBLIC character, and as it is a disinterested effusion, you may receive it as a gift worthy of your acceptance. I am well aware that it is the custom of authors in general to flatter their superiors; and they only who do flatter, can create opulence by the powers of language; but, my LORD, I could neither descend to such meanness, nor even feel myself prompted to call you my superior, if I did not believe that your talents gave
you

you an indisputable claim to the appellation; the partialities of the Almighty being much more estimable than those of a monarch.—Few persons, my LORD, have less regard than myself for those individuals who arrogate to themselves the inflated title of PEOPLE of DISTINCTION; and this indifference arises from a conviction that they are not, generally speaking, the friends of either GENIUS or VIRTUE:—their pursuits are offensive to the Deity---their existence, a degradation of human nature.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

With respect,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted servant,

Anthony Pasquin.

KENSINGTON SQUARE,
February 12, 1788.

THE
CHILDREN
OF
THESPIS.

THIRD PART.

How hard is the lot to admonish our neighbours,
When hatred's the fruit we receive for our labors!
For the mind is oft pang'd, when the frame's unresisting,
And, like vipers new bruise'd, frets existence by twisting
Nay, frown not, sweet sister, I mean, on my verity,
To give that for truth you receive as severity.
I can see, as your eyes o'er my countenance roam,
That you tacitly bid me for faults look at home;
When I do, lovely spinster, I freely confess,
That the picture enhances my mental distress;
KATH'RINE KING's my palladium, my pride, and my
pleasure,
Who leads my batalions and — fingers my treasure;
But KATE has antipathies, deep and oppressing,
And ne'er would consent to give Genius her blessing,
Yet the imbecile harlot acts proper by fits,
Tho' the finger of Time's rubb'd the nap from her wits;
P She

She pats GOSSIP FORDE, on her *three-inch thick head*,
 And lights goody LINLEY with caution to bed;
 Mutters prayers with long muscles, that good may be-
 tide her,

And places her crotchets and fiddles beside her;
 Then gives the OLD WOMEN some obsolete rules,
 And strives to get bread as the wet nurse of fools;
 Wipes the breech of her bantlings, night, morning and
 noon,

And feeds MASTER COBB with a shovel form'd spoon.

Mrs. P I T T.

On the skirts of the Drama, by Habit suspended,
 Regard wrinkled PITT, ere her hours are ended;
 By the cumbrance of seventy summers opprest,
 She toils in expanding her time-narrow'd chest:
 Like an old founder'd doe, that's hoof-beaten and
 blind,

And abridg'd in all powers but those of the mind,
 She limps o'er that course where she formerly run,
 Ere the clouds of Pandora had darken'd her sun:
 To renovate health in her faint-ebbing veins,
 And preserve an existence that's scarce worth the pains,
 She nibbles with care the salubrious sod,

And hails the injunctions prescrib'd by her God.
 Tho' condemn'd by Disease to recline in her home,
 Yet with bliss she surveys the young fawns as they roam;

Reviews

Reviews in their transports what once were her own,
 And fondly reflects on those joys she has known.—
 Her petulant DEBORAH's mirth's ready source,
 And her snip-snap denials have wonderful force;
 Acrimoniously hasty her prejudice flows,
 Like a virgin whom Winter has chill'd with his snows;
 And whose envious mind bids her cease to be gay,
 Having pass'd in neglect her meridian day,
 Her QUICKLY, her DORCAS, old SPINSTERS and
 NURSE,

Are parts, when she dies, should be laid in her hearse.
 In that cast of the Drama her merit's excessive,
 For she gives them a colouring high and expressive
 With a peevish acidity sharpens her features,
 As Nature declares them legitimate creatures;
 Like JOHN OF GAUNT's sword, when she rots at her
 length,
 There's none will be able to wield them with strength.

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Respectable WROUGHTON was form'd to exist,
 Like an elegant bracelet round Dignity's wrist
 In Society's circle, where Honor him leads,
 As he brightens the beauties of Truth---by his deeds---
 When your vices impell'd you suchworth to reject,
 I caught him to give my weak household---respect;
 Now hebreaths 'mid my rulers to combat Disgrace,
 Like Confucius haranguing a mob in Duke's Place;

Tho' the language of neither can much mend the band,
Yet both of them hallow the spot where they stand.—
In those parts where the moral emblazons the friend,
We scarce can the actor too warmly commend;
The reins of Propriety govern his power,
Few errors creep in, but no apathy sours.
If the author has fail'd in a portrait of worth,
This player well knows where such virtues have birth;
And using discreetly a laudable art,
Researches his bosom, and draws—from his heart.
His FORD is an instance of wond'rous ability,
And proves his importance, his sense and utility;
Like VANDYKE's exertions, it teems with effect,
And the little extremes are high priz'd and correct;
Yet sometimes he gives ancient judgment a jostle,
By fulgets that speak him too much in a bustle:
Running over his periods with singular haste,
He crucifies oft his own natural taste;
But if in some moments the man is deficient,
In RESTLESS that bustle is apt and efficient;
It gives added charms to the ludicrous knight,
And removes the deceptions of Art from the sight;
Makes us think what we see, not a case that just seems,
Like a shadow that's nought, or the phantoms of dreams.

While genuine worth merits human esteem,
Shall WROUGHTON's meek claims be the popular theme?
Like EDWARD THE SIXTH, Peace bestows him her meed,
For the godlike display of benevolent deeds;

No

No vaunting encomiums have hung round his name,
No mean little arts have promoted his fame;
He elbows no youth in the road of renown,
He plays no illiberal tricks with the Town;
He never has once been affectedly ill,
Or, to punish his Chief, drawn his name from the bill;
But pursues the calm duties attach'd to his station,
And lives an example without—ostentation:
As th' associate of Honor he loves his behest,
Whose maxims he treasures with care in his breast;
Thus they lye undefil'd where no vice can misuse 'em,
Till the actions of life call the man to peruse 'em.

Mrs. LEWIS.

Like a tremulous hare stealing over the stage,
See neat lovely LEWIS illumine ANNE PAGE;
Who fills pretty GODFREY with timid alarms,
And gives LADY PERCY—proverbial charms;
But her heart welcomes Ease when the business is ended,
As if Habit and Will in the duty contended;—
She looks, when arrang'd in the Drama's gay row,
Like a vale-nourish'd lilly brought forward for shew;
And compell'd Admiration's keen gaze to endure,
As the pinks look more gaudy, but none—half so pure;
Or a beautiful yacht, which to honor the nation,
Is unmoor'd now and then, on some splendid occasion;
Hung round with bright colours, that sport in the breeze
And seems pleas'd to be happy, and happy to please;

Tho' the language of neither can much mend the band,
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Or a beautiful yacht, which to honor the nation,
Is unmoor'd now and then, on some splendid occasion;
Hung round with bright colours, that sport in the breeze
And seems pleas'd to be happy, and happy to please;

'Mid the vessels of thunder she gracefully glides,
 And with sounds next to silence, obeys the rough tides,
 Till the service is o'er; then the nymph sleeps inactive,
 And is laid up in ord'nary, trim, yet attractive;
 Takes her top-gallants down, when forbidden to roam,
 And rides with delight—at her anchor at home.

MR. BLANCHARD.

From that sportive city where Hygeia dwells,
 In dark drizly clouds, and astonishing wells;
 Where Physic's grave race, in full regiments resort,
 And the pale Son of Sin holds his annual court;
 Blithe Folly's emporium, where Vice gilds her pills,
 And Fancy exterminates—corporals' ills:
 Where rogue and coquet league as sister and brother,
 And diamond cuts diamond, unknown to each other;
 Where Faith the high worth of warm *zeale* enhances,
 And dolts pay the piper, while—Knavery dances;
 Where BLADUD, so Fame has the tale understood,
 Roll'd his schrophulous breech in salubrious mud;
 And crescent on crescent, looks saucily o'er ye,
 Like the tip of those fanes rais'd to Mahomet's glory
 Comic BLANCHARD has rov'd, to set Care at defiance,
 And form with the Town a defensive alliance.

Sure the handmaids of Fate and Propriety scolded
 With retrograde Nature, when Tom was first moulded:
 As they kneaded the atoms which made up his form,
 Where Saturn and Mercury live in a storm;

And

And each takes his turn, for they ne'er mix together,
Like the man and his wife, by which clocks note the
weather :

This moment his *heels* govern all, then his *head*,
And now the man's *quicksilver*, then merely *lead*.
Yet who can so true paint the village-born wile,
Or so simply enforce Pertinacity's smile;
'Tis a deed *without effort* to Method unknown,
It is Nature prevailing and Nature alone :
Thus Limerick hinds scarcely ploughing their rood,
Throw the seed on the glebe, yet the harvest is good.
His SIM's a *unique* by the Critics confest,
His RALPH is a being Propriety drest.

In his HODGE, tho' there's merit, and much to com-
mend,

To the rustic endowments he scorns to attend ;
Broad Humour the province of Wit is invading,
And his essays are weaken'd by—harlequinading ;
He's a sort of stage ANDREW, for evermore skipping,
And turning and twisting, and laughing and leaping ;
If he means to command adventitious applause,
By touching the edge of her ill-conceiv'd laws ;
And awake noisy Mirth, in her echoing cells,
By ringing a change with the dramatic bells ;
He is wrong, and had better forego the attempt,
As 'tis slippery ground, where a fall breeds contempt :
Bid him marshall his cloth by the size of his coat,
And discreetly repeat what the author has wrote.

'Tis

'Tis the toil of a master to sport with the strings
Of the eloquent lyre, when Melody sings;
And to seize, yet not sully, Diversity's throne,
Is EDWIN's department, and—EDWIN's alone.

'Twas bestow'd him by Heaven, to abrogate laws,
Which were modell'd by Woe, in Despondency's cause;
And his arts, like the bow of Ulysses, have tried him,
As they're us'd with effect by no mortal beside him.

But I mean not to wound, by ungenerous lays,
For there are who repine when the feat deserves praise.
E'en a laurel-clad MURPHY has felt their foul dart,
Tho' supremely adorn'd—in his head and his heart;
With a singular zeal they directed the blow,
Tho' he rose like Antæus, new-brac'd to his foe;
For his wit, like the steel, by attraction made strong,
Had gather'd the lightning of Hate round his song;
Tho' all-furious it blaz'd, still his works are untomb'd,
And his name lives untainted, his verse unconsum'd:
When Candor assumes the dominion of men,
And Truth marks those beauties which flow'd from his
pen;

When that muscle is worn, which once smil'd when dismay'd

And the long-hidden fang's by Destruction betray'd;
When the pallid MALEVOLI sink into dust,
And the heart's serious voice bids the action be just;
When oblivion secretes the base party bought rhyme,
And the points of their malice are blunted by Time;

Then

Then Phœbus shall cherish that theme he inspir'd,
 And his worth shall be deathless, his numbers admir'd ;
 Then Fame's best encomiums, sweet Bard, shall be thine,
 And Memory's offspring embrace thy cold shrine.

Mrs. W E L L S.

Come hither, ye sculptors and catch every grace,
 That Fate interwove in a heaven-form'd face ;
 Come hither, ye pencil-deck'd artists, and seek
 Those tints, with which Beauty has soften'd her cheek ;
 Come hither, ye minstrels, who charm the wild throng,
 And list to the tones which sublime her meek song ;
 For 'tis WELLS, the resistless, who bursts on the sight,
 To wed infant Rapture, and strengthen Delight.—
 When she smiles, Youth and Valour their trophies
 resign ;

When she laughs, she enslaves, for that laugh is divine.
 Those wreaths of fresh myrtle which circle her brows,
 Were affix'd there by Wit when he issued his vows ;
 As omnipotent Love rais'd the theme by his sallies,
 And Melody bless'd her from Arno's rich vallies ;
 With the mien of an angel she bids tumult cease,
 And moves like the halcyon sister of Peace,
 As her port by the influence of Fear seems restricted,
 And she looks like that Modesty Guido depicted.—
 Her moist pulpy lips wear a lovelier hue,
 Than cherries new dipp'd in Aurora's bright dew ;
 Her Jove-killing charms could call Wrath from his
 deed,

Re-humanize TIMON, and fetter the SWEDE ;

Re-

Meet the hope of Spain's CHARLES from a diadem
driven,

And by opening her bosom—receive him in heaven.

Tho' her mind with no rage of intemperance burns,
And the arts of false blandishment Nature inurns,
Yet her-noon tide of life has been warm'd by fair praise,
And she feels Approbation's meridian rays,
Which thaw her colds dreads by their genial heat,
And impell shrinking worth to a laudable feat :
The village-bred maid by base lovers distress'd,
Or the emblems of thought by its sorrows depress'd,
Suit her pensive capacity, fitted to give
Those traits where the delicate images live.——

When I speak of her COWSLIP in terms of probation,
I speak of an act that defies emulation.

All her innocent wonders are touch'd with nice skill,
As she harbors resentment, unconscious of ill :

'Tis nature and knowledge most cunningly blended,
And the author's ideas are brighten'd and mended;
Like Trajan's fam'd column it equals desire,
And the more we behold it, the more we admire.

In her MAUD we survey a delectable union
Of Truth and Simplicity, met in communion ;
And the strong combination of meekness and honor,
Seem habitual marks, and sit easy upon her ;
The plaudits of Judgment she's sure to obtain,
As 'tis colour'd with neatness, and play'd — without
pain.

Her

Her BRIDGET is every thing Sense can request,
'Tis diminutive vanity ably exprest ;
Where vulgar Ambition on Decency treads,
Where base Apprehension a consequence dreads ;
'Tis a brilliant example of imbecile art,
Where the moral by Folly's expung'd from the heart.
If Envy pursues this applause-listed dame,
The pursuit but implies she's an inmate of Fame ;
—How hideous is OBLOQUY, lame and base born,
To obscure Desert, like a fog in the morn ;
With an indirect vision she looks at men's deeds,
And sows, as she wanders, Contumely's seeds ;
Approves the heart's wish, when the heart goes astray,
And journies with Hatred to gladden her way :
To the virtuous she mutters a ruin-stamp'd curse,
And the half-fashion'd vicious she makes ten times worse
Adheres to no point, but the wish to do ill,
And clings with fierce zeal to the credulous will ;
Deprives Honor's martial descendants of life,
And gives hapless Love — to the murdering knife ;
Offers Peace to hell's god as a bleeding oblation,
And smiles at the ravings of hot Desperation ;
Grows pale and perturbed, when Merit is prais'd
And pulls down that monument — Gratitude rais'd.

Mr. L E W I S.

Tis said that the stars take a peep at our birth,
And give the young bipeds to Bacchus or Mirth,

To

To Minerva, the Muses, Bellona, or Beauty,
And the predestin'd instrument walks to its duty :
But when LEWIS first met this gross world's chequer'd
light,

They consign'd the brisk brat to the care of Delight ;
Who call'd polish'd Elegance in to assist her,
As the boy met the nymph, and with extacy kiss'd
her.—

The volatile particles strew'd in his brain,
Give a *vif* to his eye, like the froth of champaigne ;
Which delectably bubbles commix'd with the liquor,
And makes the full tide of enjoyment run quicker ;
Gives our feelings an edge which before was unknown,
And sublimes and new-regulates Sympathy's tone.

He exists 'mid the motley retainers of Fiction,
As an instance to reconcile all contradiction :
If unlearn'd, yet that want Judgment cannot upbraid
His deportment's august, yet his limb's not well made,
His face has its charms in the eyes of the fair,
Yet that face is not form'd with peculiar care ;
He commands not by height, yet that height always
pleases,

His voice is not good, yet that voice never teazes :
In a word, the fond Graces in concert combin'd,
To conceal half the faults of his body and mind.—
Tho' he oft pleases Truth, yet will Truth oft confess,
He would please her much more, did he—shew his
teeth less.

Indiscriminate grins, like professions at court,
 Turn the Agents of Reason to objects of sport :
 The impulse of each, the observant suspect,
 And both lose their value in point and effect—
 A comedian's face on the audience should pop,
 Like the rubric post of a bookseller's shop ;
 Where POPE, SWIFT, and GAY, meet the eye in a range.
 And the gazer knows what to expect for his change.
 In short, as a herald, our senses to win,
 Descriptive of all the *best matters within*.—

In those amblings of manhood, where Fashion decrees
 That God's image erect, is offensive to—Ease ;
 Makes emphasis hateful to drawing-room sense,
 And amputates words as a coiner clips pence ;
 There LEWIS embraces the Muse's intent,
 And yields the gay minx most extatic content—
 He's a dramatic noun, which is held undeclinable,
 With a *je ne sçai quoi*, that is quite undefineable ;
 And a talent to bandy a quaint turn of thought,
 Which defies education, and cannot be bought ;
 An odd fascination he borrow'd from Fate,
 Which can't be ingrafted, but must be innate ;
 Like the zest of a damsin that's pleasantly smart,
 And makes the lips smack, after eating the tart :
 Hence his MARPLOT, the rage of the critic has stood,
 Hence his flippant MERCUTIO is quoted as good.—
 When rank'd with his rivals, their boasting he martyrs,
 For he struts like a Titan in Lilliput quarters ;

As his compeers walk round him, look up and revere ;
And LEWIS seems noble, for pigmies are near.

If you ask me to name a professional test,
Tho' his FADDLE is prais'd, yet his BELCOUR is best—
'Tis a *total perfection*—an excellent whole,
A felicitous union of body and soul :
Not like stockings false wove admiration to win,
Where the *silk is without and vile cotton within !*
All the other *West Indians* I've heard or have seen,
Have been pert, inefficient, lewd, drunk, mad, or mean.
It has happened from HAYMES up to time-tortur'd KING,
That their toils, as bucks phrase it, have not been the
thing.

They have wanted that undescrib'd gift half divine,
Which is known to us all, but is hard to define ;
And if in some scenes, by a painful attempt,
They have rose 'bove the level of—common contempt ;
Yet in spite we've beheld the low vulgaris'd token,
As the bricks oft appear where the plaister is broken :
For 'tis LEWIS alone who is capable found,
To scatter with taste Fashion's roses around.—
He is always in earnest—holds Policy's bridle,
And, like GARRICK, enacting is never seen—idle :
Seems by Passion absorb'd, be it Love, Guilt or Rage,
Tho' in height five feet nine, yet he fills all the stage :
With his guinea pigtones tags the end of a sentence,
And th' applause we bestow him's ne'er known to Repen-
tance !

When

When the tomb chains his limbs shall th' Obituarists say,
 Where's now his successor, so brilliant—so gay ?
 Who'll preserve all the point, yet ne'er vulgarise whim,
 For O'BRIEN'S attempts were perfected by him.
 In arranging the food of the mind for this age,
 As the deputiz'd lord of Antiquity's stage ;
 He deserves from the Muses distinguish'd applause,
 For preserving their interests, and loving their cause :
 He is active, complacent, wise, vigilant, just :
 And fulfils, with strong zeal, his ambition-fraught trust.
 By a well-manner'd conduct he marshals the throng,
 And kindly reproves where the action is wrong ;
 Gives Beauty gilt pippins to munch as a dow'r,
 And beckons Politeness to meliorate Power.

MRS. P O P E.

Like Thalestria the Amazon, keen, bold, and strong,
 See POPP lift her head 'midst the caballing throng ;
 Good sense thro' the range of her character flies,
 It prevails in her action, and lives in her eyes ;
 It prescribes the true bounds to a tragical start,
 And tempers the ills of a feebly-wrote part.
 She knows the grammatical rules of her duty,
 Which aids a comedian, as neatness aids beauty ;
 Tho' 'tis possible both have made conquests without 'em,
 The wiser examples are anxious about 'em.—
 In the great points of acting, when Judgment's delighted,
 The rays of concordance are aptly united ;

Tho' delicate fears have oft sicklied her action;
 Those fears ne'er reduc'd her strong force of attraction;
 Such retreats made the judgment more keenly admire,
 'Tis the something *not granted* which fans our desire.—
 With the wings of an eagle she flew o'er her station,
 And explor'd but those objects which grace our creation;
 Still gliding content with the fame she had won,
 Tho' nerv'd in her vision to flit round the sun;
 While lapwings and owls flutter'd after their prey,
 Till they lost e'en themselves in the blaze of the day.

Tho' her name always means what it should do—an host,
 She often *does least* where she strives—to *do most*;
 With an eager avidity, asking applause,
 Tho' the end is denied by a sight of the cause:
 Thus priests over-righteous their wishes defeat,
 Thus swordsmen from zeal, have been wond'rously beat.
 'Tis in acting, like love, sometimes Chance plays the
 game,
 And they're oft most successful who scarce ever aim;
 Tho' by Science, and all her sweet inmates assisted,
 This nymph had play'd better, had YATES ne'er ex-
 isted.

But let not the children of Envy suppose
 That Discernment and Pore have been frequently foes;
 As she knows to anatomize purely her text,
 And ne'er leaves the audience by Dullness perplex;
 For there are, who would damn, by a bestial perception,
 The loftiest ideas of human conception;

Such animals mouthing that heaven-caught wit,
Which the sweet bard of Avon with energy writ,
Is by far more terrific to rational Fear,
Than Nero, who pour'd boiling lead in the ear.

But, alas! who can hope to be wise as they ought,
When the evils of life taint the progress of thought?
Like a snow-ball, the mind, fraught with peace in its
prime,

Moves swiftly adown the steep shelvings of Time;
Accumulates filth from Society's sons,
And strengthens and hardens its coat as it runs;
Till habit on habit is negligent laid,
And the object appears motley, vile, and ill-made;
At last, when its indirect wanderings are o'er,
And the sated Despoiler can gather no more,
The form lies repos'd at the base of the hill,
A globular concrete of good and of ill;
As its worth has been mix'd with the radix of woe,
And the dirt of the valley has sullied the snow.

Mr. DARLEY.

To hear DARLEY mouthing his tempestuous numbers,
Would burst the strong bandage of Morpheus's slum-
bers:

When he tears, without Mercy, poor Music to rags,
It resembles stern Boreas untying his bags;
As the hurricanes, foster'd by Wrath, issue round
Humanity's offspring, to scare and confound:

But

But this minstrel would certainly add to our joys,
 Could the dolt be persuaded to chant with less noise;
 And Phœbus to Harmony sure would consign him,
 Could the big suckling think, or would ARNOLD refine
 him.

When he bellows in HAWTHORN, or STERNHOLD, or
 GILES,

Sweet Poetry shudders, and Irony smiles;
 Then all-murderous he foams, like JOHN KEMBLE in LEAR,
 Or a Goth hacking Wit with his Scythian spear.

By the Succubæ spawn'd, he was knit in an hour,
 When some butcher was madden'd by Cynthia's power;
 Who did the foul deed in a lunatic rage,
 And jointed a monster to roar from the stage;
 Who would freeze all the liberal functions of being,
 By his iron-wrapt front, which appalls while we're seeing;
 But some tawny Egyptian was hurried to cure him,
 Who touch'd him with spells, that the sense might en-
 dure him.

Behold! 'mid the harmonic Congress he stands,
 Distress'd by the weight of two ox-knuckle hands;
 And is mark'd from his peers in an over-grown head,
 Like the Israelite's food—by a symbol of lead.
 When he chants by FAN's flame he's been scorch'd and
 undone,

I think of a Cheshire cheese broil'd in the sun:
 And yet tho' the rancid will ooze thro' the rind,
Small bits will displease not the delicate mind.

But

But tho' Fate to his savage exterior's unkind,
 He has blanch'd ev'ry ill by the worth of his mind;
 Thus dainties and dirt mix like pigs in a litter,
 And those nuts which are sweetest have husks the most
 bitter.

MRS. KENNEDY.

See diffident KENNEDY, gliding along,
 Who's endear'd to each breast by the force of her song;
 For 'tis her voice alone that so aptly can fit
 The Gallery, Boxes, and critic-cramm'd Pit;—
 If it sometimes should fail to entrance cognoscenti,
 It ravishes Britons—nineteen out of twenty;
 'Tis a tenor so sheath'd with all Art can d'sire,
 CECILIA might envy, and GRETRY admire.—
 She touches the ballads of love-lorn despair,
 With accents denoting a mind worn with Care;
 But no sick'ning cantabiles clog the essay,
 Or mar the intent of her pastoral lay:
 When Nature and Knowledge are thus counteracted,
 'Tis not Skill ably manag'd, but Science distracted.

Is there one but laments that she e'er would assume
 The habit of man, or the masculine plume?
 Such an act lays the first corner-stone of Neglect,
 And wounds that Attraction which feeds our respect:
 If, to vitiate appetites, trash gives delight,
 The daughters of Decency shrink from the sighs;

And

And depend on't that scene, tho' applause it beguiles,
 Can ne'er be prais'd long, if not bless'd by their smiles.
 Like the Chancellor's seal, which gives value to paper,
 They raise that to worth which before was mere vapour;
 And her name will be scoff'd if she wants such prudentials,

Like a weak plenipo who's forgot his credentials;
 They are passports to Fame, which insure her civility,
 E'en if Nature restricts the fair claimant's ability:
 Lo! the Sight turns aside, as the Sight ever ought,
 And tells what she's mark'd as offensive to Thought;
 But tells it with sighs that most eloquent prove,
 She arraigns a mild nymph she's accusom'd to love;
 And vast must that worth be which thousands can warm,
 Yet wanting the aid—of the DELICATE CHARM.

How potent that DELICATE CHARM moves each sense,
 Of the hero created for Beauty's defence!
 It steals o'er his manhood, and plays with his peace,
 And bids in sweet tones the fierce attributes cease;
 Tho' apparent too weak any conquest to claim,
 It wounds the heart deep, when it takes the least aim;
 It agitates nerves with a rapture-born fear,
 Which brac'd the broad target, and brandish'd the spear.

Mr. F. AICKIN.

Where a bold striking contour encircles the part,
 Where manhood should make an attack on the heart;

Where

Where ancient Ferocity stalks unrestricted,
Or the old hardy virtues are ably depicted;
Let AICKIN come forward, with confident claim,
And create a glad theme for the clarion of Fame.—
Such excellent force makes him honor'd by those
Who have wounded loud Fustian by rational blows;
It speaks him possess'd of the truth-wrapt sublime,
And wearing a judgment that's mellow'd by Time.—
When CANTWELL declaims with an hypocrite zeal,
His gesture, his tones, prove the actor can feel;
He besieges adroitly the family treasure,
And the Muse and Perfection behold him with pleasure.

Yet oft-times a painful anxiety seems
To encumber his art, and defeat his best schemes;
It bears the vile face of a tacit-told thought,
Which implies that the audience are not what they ought,
In the points of Attention to high-finish'd skill;
But obey a relax'd indiscriminate will:
This hapless conception has frequently made
The sensible AICKIN Discretion invade;
Who, by striving to give wond'rous force to his song,
Strides over meek Right to impregnate base Wrong;
Makes CLYRUS with vulgariz'd impudence strut,
Like a Dutchman who dares a dull boor to play put;
Or old LOUIS QUATORZE, in each Parisian street,
Who looks as if treading the world 'neath his feet:
Gives the mien of a bully to Rome's angry peers,
And too copiously weeps when MACDUFF tells his fears;

Calls

Calls the errors of *Mossor* from forth the cold grave,
 By preserving those failings good sense would not save;
 And, by running beyond the original test,
 Turns the emphatic tone to a laugh-burthen'd jest;
 With his R's and his M's invokes Discord to sing,
 Till the Theatre's caves with harsh consonants ring.
 Thus his energy mars the heroics he launches,
 As rude gusts of wind tear the leaves from the branches.

But whoe'er sees his *PIERRE*, and with-holds his ad-
 plause,
 Must be envious of Merit, or dead to the cause:
 'Tis a delicate morsel, high season'd and good,
 That to minds well attun'd will prove excellent food.

Mrs. *KEMBLE*.

To those who feel bless'd in the gentler desires,
 And light their enjoyments at Love's hallow'd fires;
 To those adust fancies, where Grief cleaves to live,
 And imbibe a delight which her plaints cannot give;
 To those who with saint-like compassion survey
 The breathing memorial of Beauty's decay;
 Let Sympathy's child, pallid *KEMBLE*, he brought,
 And give mimic sorrow to pliable thought —
 Her face, by soft Pensiveness touch and refin'd
 Seems tinted with woe, by the toils of her mind.
 So the bust of bright *Venus*, by Excellence made,
 Looks dim and imbrown'd 'neath the willow's sad
 shade.—

Ah!

Ah! where is this nymph, who so exquisite play'd,
 To what point of the globe has the copyist stray'd,
 Who gave rural STELLA the heart wounding moan,
 Who made simple YARICO's terrors her own?
 That nymph we lament, who could foster the tear,
 Whom Honor applauds, and the Virtues revere,
 Is now making a circuit thro' half-peopled towns,
 And led by harsh Fate 'fore illiterate clowns;
 Where in heavenly accents the Passions she woos,
 With a glance of expression that's dear to the muse;
 As the crowds half-observant, with apathy gaze,
 Unimpress'd by her force, and unskill'd in her lays.—
 Thus sweet flowrets decay, in the wilds' ruthless air,
 Thus † PILON was known but to madd'ning Despair;
 Thus CUNNINGHAM wasted his bay circled deed,
 And charm'd rustic worth with his pastoral reed.

But

† FREDERICK PILON, Esq. a dramatic author; he was born in the town of Cork. in Ireland, and came over to this country in the year 1779, since which time he has produced the following dramatic pieces: the *Liverpool Prize*, the *Election*, the *Deaf Lover*, the *Fair American*, the *Illumination*, the *Templars Stratagem*, and, *He would be a Soldier*; besides a variety of others of less consideration. His pieces were generally of a slight texture, but written with great facility, a qualification the more necessary in him, as he often wrote upon the spur of the occasion.— He went to Paris in the year 1787, where he laid the foundation of a new comedy, the completion of which was deferred by a severe indisposition which seized him on his return to England where he languished for a few months. and then died. During the last four months of his illness he experienced many instances of kindness from Mr. HARRIS, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, and which were administered in a manner much to the donors honor.

But to soften her wanderings, and calm her meek will,
And nerve her to bear such an aggregate ill,
Fond radiant Genii her labors shall greet,
And Aurora's blythe Fays wipe the dew from her feet;
Young Zephyrs repel each rude blast with their wings;
And Echo redouble the note when she sings.

She is sentenc'd to Want by an Emperor's command,
And lives an example that's shewn round the land;
To affright injur'd Merit, from waging big war,
Like the heads that once wither'd on old Temple-Bar;
Or the mummy that keeps famish'd warblers from pil-
lage:

Or the law-chissel'd stocks which appal the rude village,
To deter from rebellion the Drama's proud peers,
By a loss more important than heads or than ears;
A suppression of salary, rank, food, and fame,
With the *libel of power* affix'd to her name.

As the Ægis once blaz'd with a death-giving ray,
And expell'd mortal Pride 'yond the threshold of Day,
May the shield of her honor extinguish her foes,
And Peace sooth her bosom where-ever she goes!

MR. BOWDEN.

Lo! favour'd by Fate, see a minstrel advance,
Led on by Absurdity, Joke, Love and Dance;
As the favourite of Fortune, and Sound's brazen son,
The appendage of Opera, and inmate of Fun.

R

Hark

Hark ! the rout mad and frantic, their pæans prepare,
 And alarm the responsive dependants of air ;
 As the Fawn with his thyrsus, obtrudes on the day,
 And Circe all-hails the deprav'd roundelay.—
 With a port meanly awkward, yet tacitly proud,
 Like Xerxes he leads human dolts in a crowd ;
 Who imitate Jacob, and do themselves wrong,
 By resigning each sense for a wit-chilling song —
 —That musical *mania*, which tortures the times,
 Provokes my regret, and gives birth to my rhymes ;
 But prudence demands should that Folly disgust us,
 Which is nurtur'd by Taste, and upheld by AUGUSTUS !
 —I would probe with the knife of severity deep,
 In this base motley beast, that can sing, laugh and weep ;
 But such toil I disdain, as an OPERA at best
 Is an error-made monster, and national jest ;
 Manufactur'd the reason of man to affright,
 Insulting our wit, while it flatters the sight ;
 Like the deity Jos, who absolves China's sins,
 And is worshipp'd by fools, 'cause he's ugly and grins.
 In opposing the follies and vice of the stage,
 I must stand as a mark for the arrows of Rage ;
 'Proscrib'd from those *douceurs* enjoy'd by that croud,
 Who are mean without merit, and servile tho' loud ;
 If I fall by resentment, effecting my plan,
 I hope when I'm martyr'd to fall—like a man.—
 Oh ! I'm sick to the soul, to see MUSIC alone,
 Stretch her negligent length on the Drana's gay throne ;
Where

Where Muses more honor'd by Wisdom should sit,
 To adorn the heart's mirror, and fashion our wit.
 Let the WENCH have her place, as a WENCH worth re-
 specting,

But to wound her OLD SISTERS, is base and affecting:

PUBLIC TASTE is a despot which sports with the mind,
 As inconstant as chaff that's impell'd by the wind;
 It runs o'er the soil, like the serpent of Thebes,
 And poisons our splendor, and roots up our glebes;
 It exists in despite of the frowns of high Phœbus,
 For the land is unblest'd with a letter'd Choræbus.
 Even the points of perfection are hid by its fools,
 That Folly may sport with the Stagyrite's rules;
 But our weaknesses shoot in each progressive season,
 As our lives are at best—a reproach to our reason;
 And we painfully think, at each revolving sun,
 Of the little we did, and the much to be done:
 Can we feel the quick pulse run its race o'er and o'er,
 And not dream that its warmth may this eve be no more?
 Let Thought view the chiefs under Death's sable ban-
 ners,

Then establish a moral to chasten our manners;
 The lyrical STEVENS, whose song bless'd the bowl,
 And Mossop, who knew measur'd thunders to roll;
 With the elegant DIGGES, who could errors refine,
 In puerile weakness met Nature's decline;
 The ear-piercing rebeck no more shall awake 'em,
 Or the terrors of Responsibility shake 'em;

Now Ross claims the tribute of public regard,
And beautiful HARTLEY from Hope pleads reward.
When Disease loos'd that zone which had brighten'd her
day,
She threw Laughter's vizer indignant away;
Shun'd the gaze of that world, which she once met with
pride,
Like a care-stricken doe, with the barb in her side.

Miss BRUNTON.

When prodigies peep on the earth, or in air,
Mankind for some great revolution prepare;
And somewhat like that may young BRUNTON be nam'd,
Who the needs of Desert has successfully claim'd.—
Ere fifteen green summers had mellow'd her age,
She rush'd to the van of a profligate stage;
Threw Melpomene's robe o'er her juvenile shoulders,
And, seizing her bowl, shook the faith of beholders.—
'Tho' her mind and her powers I gladly admire,
She has much to unlearn, and yet more to acquire;
But greatness is form'd from contracted beginnings,
As SCOTT made his plum by progressional winnings;
And the order of Corinth, whose value is known,
To embellish the pile, and give beauty to stone,
From a sprig of acanthus Callimachus made,
Which secluded a tomb with its reverend shade;
And Sculpture's in debt, when she noblest succeeds,
For this standard of Grace—to a basket and weeds.

Her

Her voice and her body give birth to my wonder,
 'Tis a marvellous instance of pigmy-born thunder;
 'Tis a giant's big voice, when a giant's in ire,
 Drawn forth from a frame shap'd for love and desire;
 As a striking example, the curious may take her,
 Where the chain of analogy's broke by our Maker;
 Where opposite faculties press on the sense,
 To poze and defy philosophic defence.

Now her eyes flashing issue a heart-catching beam,
 Now she rumbles out notes like a bear in a dream;
 'Tis like RODNEY'S pursuits, or the acts of a jury,
 A succession of deeds fraught with sunshine or fury.
 As her merits are great, and her will seems obedient,
 I'll teach her Propriety's happiest expedient.

Let Nature unshackled fulfil her calm duty,
 As the twistings of infants are marshall'd by Beauty.
 Let that serpent of Science the Stagyrite stole.
 Lick the nerves of your system, and twine round your
 As the zig-zags of Glory are harder to find, [soul.
 Than the Lemnian maze or a Frenchwoman's mind,
 In some versatile parts you must supplicate Fate,
 That your gifts may change places like Vectius estate:
 Remember in tragic exertions to blend. }
 Those acts which the million can feel and commend:
 As Melpomene's honors are quaint and precarious,
 And oft dwell in tricks that are false and nefarious:
 For a cobweb partition but subtly divides
 That effort an audience respects or derides;

And a sameness of e'en the best action will tire,
As the eye, like the Turk, many forms must admire;
And the sky gaily chequer'd's more pleasing to view
Than one wide expanse of etherial blue.—
Keep the interests of Farce at an unmeasur'd distance,
Nor e'er give that monster your potent assistance;
Treat the Prompter the same as old HUNKS does his
treasure,
Keep the man in reserve, to be mov'd at your pleasure,
But let not your faults into action seduce him;
Like HUNKS praise his virtues, but pray—never use him.
If you lean on his shoulders too oft for the *cue*,
That Fame which attends you will soon bid adieu!
And recede to give force to your action and fire,
As those who leap farthest must previous retire;
Avoid SNUFF, as an instrument sent by Pollution,
To murder your accents, and young constitution;
It gives to VAST SIDDONS her sharp nasal twangs,
And forms all those hooks on which Dissonance hangs;
When Nature on stilts, in heroics expires,
And that nymph gives Absurdity—all she desires.—
Make your voice, like an ally, your gesture befriend,
And arrange its beginning, its middle, and end;
Preserve all the unities, true as they ought,
For they're full as essential to acting as thought;
And those rules by which Greece chain'd the Drama's
decorum,
The play-wright and player should both have before 'em;
Nor

Nor e'er let a vulgar demeanor obtrude,
 To debase your neat form, by a habit that's rude;
 For e'en VENUS offends, tho' the child of a *Deus*,
 As she takes up her vest, to survey the *glutaeus*.—
 Let your notes touch the ear by nice skill-fraught degrees,

That their bursts may not wound, nor their tameness
 displease;

For those players exist, whose vile epicæne tones
 Resemble big thunder, or infantine groans;
 As the bells of a convent unequal assail,
 When Eolus sports with the fugitive gale:
 You should meliorate both, and their harshness refine,
 As the forge can make obstinate bodies combine:

Thus opposite elements profit by ire,
 And the air in a rage oft regenerates fire.—

Study Reason's *arpeggio* to minister pleasure,
 And keep relative notes in their relative measure,
 Scorn to borrow from any, 'twill mislead your youth;
 If you wish to improve, ope the folios of Truth;
 For like Lebanon cedars, those graces you wanted,
 Lose their worth, and decay when the root is trans-
 planted.

Write this rule in your mind, for tho' ideots may scoff it,
 If you mean to act well—'tis the law and the prophet.
 When Truth takes the helm, as the novitiates guide,
 She may ride unappall'd where the rocks break the tide:

By

By her precepts enlighten'd, the actress explores
The heights and the shelving of critical shores;
No malevolent Scylla need shake her with fear,
As the danger's far off, tho' the object is near;
Unobtrusively sweet, every cadence runs o'er,
And we hear till the wish craves each sense to have more,
Remember the stage is Morality's school,
Which should give social life both example and rule.
You must husband your pence, for that time may arrive
When your wealth can alone keep attention alive;
As theatric commanders are apt to forget
That object to whom they're immensely in debt;
As boys use an orange, they deal with their prey,
Who the juice having squeez'd, throw the rind far away:
Thus Merit's destroy'd by each dramatic schemer,
Like Papists who furiously—eat their Redeemer.—
Put your trust not in Princes, or oaths, or to morrow;
Mark PINTO consum'd by the slow worm of Sorrow:
See Calamity's tearing that vest from her side,
Which Calliope wove and Celebrity dyed!
She's chain'd by cold Want, and gives Horror a tear,
Who once held in bondage the national ear.—
Be jealous of every competitor guide,
Who would poison your fame, by debauching your pride;
For thus Envy creeps in, with her politic spite,
To hide infant worth, like the mantle of Night;
Even GARRICK, like Saturn, by Terror betray'd,
Oft devoured that being his labors had made!—

Lay

Lay a curb on your transports, and govern your sighs,
To illustrate the passion which beams in your eyes;
And leave it to Nature to wring from your breast
That pathos which ought to be forceful exprest;
'You must re-re-revise your professional errors.
Till Labor shall fashion a grave for your terrors.
Thus Florists trim plants that the stem of the flower
May be warm'd by the sun, and refresh'd by the shower.
But copy not SIDDONS in every start,
As to imitate aught is reducing your art;
Her masculine figure admits of a stride,
Which in you Common Sense would be apt to deride;
And select with much care the false taste from the true,
For what's pleasing in her may disgust us in you;
Be content with calm praise, when by Tragedy lur'd,
For scarce one is enjoy'd, where nineteen are endur'd.

MELPOMENE once was a nymph of respect,
Tho' now, like a strumpet, she's scoff'd by Neglect:
Time was when she summon'd her legions about her,
And Fashion was known to be wretched without her;
But, ah me! what a change! Lo, the SIDDONS is sleeping,
As Comedy triumphs, and Madness is weeping;
For the sight 'gainst the Judgment has ceas'd to rebel,
And the pale pensive maniac's long being unwell;
As the dagger, the bowl, and the mien, all forlorn,
Unanimity gave to omnipotent Scorn;
And her OHS! and her AHS! and her STARTS! and
her STARES!

Which so long have affrighted poor Wit from his prayers,
Are

Are all laid in the dust, like mere mortal machines,
 Since inquisitive WISDOM pervaded the scenes;
 As PHILOSOPHY laughs at their comical doom,
 And REASON, all-jubilant, sports on their tomb;
 While KEMBLE desponding gives way to his fears,
 And DAVIES is mute, and poor HULL hangs his ears.
 Once BRINSLEY in sport aim'd a desperate blow,
 Which shatter'd her influence, and murder'd her woe;
 Tho' Fame clapp'd her wings, when she saw him indite it,
 He has since curs'd the zeal which impell'd him to write
 For he now lives in want, tho' his genius forbid it, [it;
 And the MUSE shews her wound, and tells RICHARD—
 he did it.

MR. DAVIES.

With a simpler satiric, lo DAVIES is peeping,
 In the doubt his last toil had set Tragedy weeping!
 Both the Muses are carelessly scoff'd by this Wight,
 Who drinks tea, picks his teeth, and then bids them
 good-night.

With *apocryphal* pleasantries tickles their hearts,
 Which are sped without ill, like Toxopholite's darts;
 His key's insufficient to ope Rapture's locks,
 He's a sort of *stock-lover*, who'd been in the stocks;
 He is Cupid's old footman, who lives at his ease,
 Sees the God eat his cate, but can't eat what he sees;

Of

Oft has Care kick'd this scenic bell-weather with spite,
But the Loon wip'd his breech, laugh'd, and walk'd to
Delight.

He's Utility's grandson—with parts demi-bless'd;
Yet if wrong, gives no proof that he *feels* as distress'd:
He's a fav'rite of Nature, too dull for keen pain,
Too mean to be prriz'd, yet too bright for disdain.
A something 'twixt all things—nor that nor yet this;
Like contrary-fraught March, or a boisterous Miss.

MR. WEWITZER.

IN those portraitures tinted with Gallic grimace,
Who but WEWITZER's fitted to stand in the place?
As colloquial wit would embarrass his skill,
All the points must be modell'd to square with his will;
'Tis not equal to manage THALIA's tight rein,
When the jest-loving wench squeezes Laughter's warm
brain.

Like a racer, light-mounted, he oft wins the plate,
But is distanc'd with ease, if you add to his weight;
Yet his CAIUS and CLOWNS we may see and admire,
And his BELLAIR, like glass, is engender'd by fire.
His *Enchmen* are free from unpleasant grimace,
And his *Jews* you would swear were all born in Duke's-
Place.

When he's cast for OLD MEN, to elude keen Derision,
He should burn his white wigs, and recede from the
vision:

For

For his character feels all Contempt can impart,
 When he confident raves in a substitute part.
 If an EDWIN by Malady's tied to his chair,
 Can a WEWITZER hope to succeed such a play'r?
 Would not Truth be offended, and Sense cock her nose,
 To view size-stunted QUICK in tall CAMBRAY's cloaths?
 Tho' the universe Atlas could bear without dread,
 A dwarf must be crush'd—with the world on his head.

MRS. MARTYR.

See Harmony joyant burst wild on the stage,
 To give a young sorceress up to the age;
 'Tis *all-alive* MARTYR who claims Beauty's throne,
 And marks indirectly each gazer her own.—
 Feel the aggregate raptures that live in her sigh,
 See the love-darting blaze of her black rolling eye;
 Which eloquent speaks all the wish can desire,
 And silently whispers—the pulse is on fire!
 Mark that killing *air-riant* exalting her strains,
 See Dignity bowing, and Passion in chains;
 Not the regal Persephone look'd more divine,
 Whom Dis bore triumphant to hell's awful shrine:
 Those rich sable locks, which o'ershadow her brow,
 Frigidity warms and provokes the fierce vow;
 In irregular ringlets they happily wave,
 To hook the blithe hearts of the wise, young, and brave;
 In delicious disorder they artlessly break
 On those soft snowy mountains which hallow her neck.
 Could

Could Ptolemy's relict such witcheries have wore,
 Who rul'd the Egyptian on Nile's fruitful shore,
 To have call'd such all-potent enchantments her own,
 She'd have given a province, perhaps too—her throne;
 For sure gallant Cæsar could never have fled,
 Had tresses so lovely but play'd round her head.

While simplicity charms, shall her PHŒBE be priz'd;
 When she sings, that calm stillness is praise undisguis'd;
 Her arch replication's her fame's surest guard,
 And her CHERRY demands every critic's reward:
 But should sentiment fail in conveying its zest,
 Her beauty obtrudes, and performs all the rest.—
 In her happiest moments, when voice, grace, and ease,
 Give the mirth-waking nymph every power to please;
 Even Guilt forgets fear, and the sisters of Sin
 Hear away all those woes which corroded within;
 And her tones stop the rage of intemperate motion,
 As oil smoothes the swell of the turbulent ocean.
 I know not that nymph who can wield Pleasure's dart,
 With more skill to transfix the warm core of the heart;
 Not the brunettes of Greece, nor those bright peerless
 maids

Who lay panting by groupes in Circassia's shades:—
 Where she treads, bounteous Nature receives her with
 And the sod gladly hails the pedestrian kiss: [bliss,
 The violets emulous blazon more blue,
 And the hyacinth breathes with a gaudier hue;

Pomona's best gifts wear a lovelier bloom,
 And the valley diffuses a richer perfume;
 While the village-bred minstrels, subdu'd by her sound,
 Throw their rude oaten pipes in despair on the ground;
 As Cynthia's light fairies, who flit from the day,
 Peep from flow'ret buds, to catch bliss from her lay.
 It is wond'rous to sing, but those Time-gather'd snows
 Which the petrified bosom of Apathy froze,
 With rapidity melt 'neath the beam of her eye,
 As the Passions o'erleap their cold cell with a sigh,
 Range at large thro' those regions to Happiness known,
 And drag their old tyrant to Extacy's throne.

MR. W I L S O N.

When the grim dart of Death (which was never known
 neuter)
 Touch'd the warm spinal essence of matchless old
 SHUTER;
 Gay WILSON appear'd somewhat aw'd by his dread,
 As the droll *locum tenens* of comical Ned;
 (Unfortunate NED, who lov'd Virtue's behest,
 Tho' his wit was a doubt, and his being a jest;
 He marr'd those great faculties God had prepar'd him,
 And died like a driv'ller, tho' Excellence rear'd him;
 For with Tinkers and Taylors he jok'd and he booz'd,
 Till the wine thro' the pores of his *cranium* ooz'd.)
 But long since has been drove to the north of our isle,
 To make Caledonia's gaunt family smile.—

When

When WILSON departed from Truth's rigid rules,
 The defection seem'd only enormous to fools;
 If he fail'd to adhere to the judicious letter,
 Your HEARTY OLD MEN have not since been play'd better;
 And the part of DON JEROME remains to be sold,
 E'en tho' EDWIN bid loud, with high-priz'd sterling gold :
 And for want of a HARDCATLE Sense must admire,
 Poor GOLDSMITH's broad pleasantries sleep with their
 sire :

Tho' the Manager held not his merits too dearly,
 No comedian's loss has been felt more severely.—
 A strong zeal to be right made him oft seem untoward,
 As some men become rash to avoid the term—coward;
 If he bled in his fame for so noble a daring,
 Still the folly was blanch'd by a spoil worth the wearing.
 He resembled that soldier who mounted the wall,
 In despite of the foe, or his general's call,
 And tore down the standard, tho' bullets had lam'd him,
 While trembling Discretion imperiously blam'd him.
 Oh! I love such an ardour that springs unaffected,
 I honor the source, though the flame's ill directed;
 I hate that cold bosom which starts at a leap;
 In beings like those, the great attributes sleep:
 Such caution makes Fate view his works with a tear,
 For the meanest of all mean emotions—is FEAR.

Turn your eyes to JOHN KEMBLE, pert, prim, and
 erect,
 An automaton actor, who's led by Defect;

That stalker who makes the sense doubt e'en reality,
 That ill-chizell'd stiffeldest son of Formality;
 Cut and prun'd like the shrubs in a Dutchman's domain,
 Where the beauties of Nature are artfully slain;
 See he stumps o'er the stage, as the *Twisses* adore him,
 And Ease and the Graces in fright scud before him.
 From his full classic lip the minc'd periods steal,
 For that God gave him thought who deny'd him to feel;
 On the shelves of his mind, vile hyperboles sleep,
 With maxims and indexes, heap over heap:
 Mark the gallant Lord *GAYVILLE* compress'd by his
 hands,

Like a taylor on drill in the yellow train-bands;
 'Tis in all points of view so absurd an exertion,
 His sister's mad *ROSALIND* caus'd *less* diversion.
 Had Seduction no chief better taught for her uses,
 King's Place would want tenants, and Frailty excuses.
 See! he moves as if Nature of warmth had bereft him,
 And all the strong Passions disgusted had left him:
 E'en the thunder of Jove, or the element's ire,
 Combining their wrath, could not kindle his fire.
 If this is a *RAKE*, who all-hails Fashion's *fat*,
 He's been fed with restringents, and curtain-rod diet;
 Tho' the scowl of his eye should seem ravenous for
 Beauty,

His heart and his limbs both rebel 'gainst the duty.
 Will the Town permit Truth to be smote by Offence?
 Cannot Cunning be drove from the regions of Sense?

Tho'

Tho' Comedy's sinking like stars from their spheres,
 Can we see her declension, and govern our tears?
 LO GENTLEMAN SMITH, whom the Muse lov'd and
 trusted,
 Retreats from her service, annoy'd and disgusted;
 Thus meek Montezuma, with horror retir'd,
 And left a BANDITTI that spoil they desir'd.

MRS. MORTON.

As the sad solemn Eve takes a peep and recedes,
 The chaste-nurtur'd MORTON for tolerance pleads;
 But tho' Destiny narrows her simply-wrought feat,
 Her will meets the act, which is pleasantly neat;
 If the root won't admit of much ramification,
 Those branches which spread bear the fruit of Duration:
 'Tis that lunacy only can grandly offend,
 When the exploit and capacity strongly contend.—
 —To see QUEENSBURY wedded to MARLBORO'S sweet
 daughter,
 Or the rough LORD of EFFINGHAM sprinkling rose water;
 The HOST of BATH EASTON correcting dull sonnets,
 Or LADY PAGE TURNER new-darning old bonnets;
 WATTY LEWES o'erlooking a Conjuror's spells,
 Or MONTAGU seeking where Priapus dwells:
 Would excite honest Rage to some act of hostility,
 To drive such *things* back—to the paths of utility.—

That such wonders have happen'd, each hour brings
 witness,
 And the sense waxeth wrath, when the talent wants
 fitness.

Mr. LEE LEWES.

Co-equal to LUN, in the pantomime graces,
 LEE LEWES the dumb necromancy embraces ;
 And the harlequin jerk is to him so attracting,
 That it steals thro' his mean in colloquial acting.--
 In the smart replication he mostly excels
 When snip-snappish wit in the character dwells ;
 All his *valets* possess a bold, undescrib'd pertness,
 Appropriate conceits—a well-manag'd alertness :
 When he gives up *Chapeau* 'twill be laid on the shelf,
 And no man should be stuff'd for SIR JOHN but him-
 self ;

Like Scarlatti's exertions, whatever he did,
 Was by genius approv'd if by judgment forbid :
 Yet *genius* proves man in his system sublim'd,
 Cold *judgment* the biped's by Habit true-time'd.
 His FLUTTER was great, but it dignified trash,
 Like the heads of wise monarchs on base metal cash,
 As of old in Ierne would currently pass,
 When the phiz of black JAMES made a crown of bad
 brass :

But the uniform traits were not constantly brought,
 In the focus of Truth, to accord with the thought ;

For

For his own understanding oft broke down the fence,
And the fop spoke at times like a coxcomb of sense.

How piteous it is that our wit begets woe,
Or that *Sense* can be marshall'd to act as a foe ?
Great STUPIDITY hail—thrice arm'd against wiles,
What being but wishes to bask in *thy* smiles :
Whose power the magic of Passion has broke,
And the soul can enwrap, at thy will, like a cloak :
In vain haughty Fate, bellows, thunders and raves,
His bolts cannot nervate thy somnific slaves :
For them peer less Beauty can fashion no chain,
For them red Ambition but struggles in vain ;
E'en Phœbus resplendent for them has no ray,
But glides without note as the lantern of day :
In vain for their use are the Seasons decreed,
Or the May-born sweet flow'rets that deck the green
mead ;

Or the finches clear hymn in the thick embrown'd grove,
Or those Graces which ripen young Friendship to Love ;
Superior to feeling—mere humaniz'd stocks,
They kick at Pandora and o'erset her box :
Who stung with the insult, half frantic, half frighten'd,
Revenge her cause on the good and enlighten'd ;
Throws her damnable spells deleterious around her,
Nor can all the fam'd race of old Celsus confound her ;
Thus Wisdom's own sons will be wholly subdued,
And treble-lung'd Fame shall be left without food ;
To illustrate with honor the point of a story,
While Destiny shuts the high archives of glory !

Mrs.

Mrs. *WILSON*.

Beneath some vile turf in her relative clay,
The atoms of *WILSON* are melting away ;
In some negligent spot, with coarse thistles o'ergrown,
Far remote from her fathers she moulders unknown :
In the heyday of life this incontinent gipsey,
Seiz'd Pleasure's vast goblet, and drank until tipsey ;
But Fate saw the deed and to Sickness consign'd it,
Thus the draught, like the Danube, left ruin behind it.
She was mown in the bloom, like a rose in its prime,
Ere her ringlets were thinn'd by the minions of Time.
Who can bring her gay wiles 'fore the Memory's eye,
And with-hold the big tear, or refuse the sad sigh ?
Such reciprocal debts we should cheerfully give,
As Hopes whispers Love, our remains may receive.—
Her death, like those posts by a parish betow'd,
Should shew her successors the regular road ;
As in eloquent language her sepulchre tells,
She had stray'd from that mansion where Innocence
dwells.

A bright maid who from ills can more certainly screen us,
Than the tun of flush'd Bacchus, or myrtle of Venus.

When she sung, her awards were the needs worth
imploring,
As the roof of the theatre rung with encoring ;
Tho' a bankrupt in voice, yet her spirit inspir'd,
And the point of her ditty was heard and admir'd .

In

In the vice-tinted EDGING her powers best blaz'd,
 There her artifice charm'd, and her method amaz'd!
 For the low vulgar guile she so ably sustain'd,
 That Perception had doubt if the cunning was feign'd.

Mr. CAMBRAY.

The chissel of Phidias, when fancy was warm,
 Ne'er call'd out of stone a more exquisite form;
 Tho' we read of his gods, and Antinous behold,
 The figure of CAMBRAY surpasses each mould;
 And reduces their value as much in our eye,
 As a FARREN must feel when an ABINGTON's by:
 Like the taper and sun, tho' they both may be bright,
 Weak beams are absorb'd—by superior light,
 When he rav'd in YOUNG AMMON, his confidence slew
 him,

And his mental Bucephalus furiously threw him.—
 He should stop the approaches of turbulent fire,
 When Energy's heat would the passions inspire;
 Such force, like a torrent, oppresses the sense,
 And breaks down those dams Wit had rais'd for defence;
 Spoils the regions of Taste unrestrain'd by command,
 And tho' meant for a blessing, inundates the land.—
 His JAFFIER, tho' deck'd with much personal grace,
 Is a part that's too vast for his skill to embrace;
 When he yields up his honor'd associate PIERRE,
 As the martyr to one weak uxorious tear,
 No beam that's divine round his periods play,
 No signs of the god lift the man from his clay;

'Tis

"Tis a mortal exertion to Common Sense due,
That is well, but not great; and tho' pleasant, not true.

The labors of GARRICK were labors that fed,
With salubrious sallies, the heart and the head;
A sweet mental diet correcting the bile,
Which it turn'd, by its passing, to excellent chyle;
A sublimate off'ring, just caught from the fire,
When Reason's bless'd heat bid all grossness retire,
That its subtlties then, more prevailing and pure,
Might probe Wisdom's wounds, and establish a cure;
Raise a warfare 'gainst errors which Weakness prescrib'd,
And exterminate follies the system imbib'd.—

Ere he burst in OTHELLO, to seize tragic spoils,
An over-strain'd policy ruin'd his toils :
Hideous PUFFS, like base Croats, were plac'd on each
post,

To precede the dread march of the regular host ;
Affirming the public in duty were bound,
To exalt this astonishing—mouther of sound !
So KEMBLE each day meets with Lunacy's praise,
Tho' Laughter destroys more than Madness can raise :
For PUFFS ill-conceiv'd, by such sinister elves,
Drag a ruin along, and recoil on themselves.—
Thus Hannibal felt, when his well-phalanx'd foes,
Led their legions the vow-shackled chief to oppose ;
Drove his elephants back with unbounded destruction,
And what PRIDE meant as GLORY, DEATH us'd as SE-
DUCTION.

Mrs.

Mrs. ESTEN.

As noiseless as Fate can invidious tread,
When he poises his dart to strike Excellence dead :
Heterogeneous ESTEN glides soft on the scene,
Like the feeblest of Zephyrs which skims o'er the green !
Too pretty to cogitate, amble or walk,
And almost (tho' a lady) too nervous to—talk.
Like a chit with her samplers she gives all the letters,
But leaves nobler efforts to—*copy her betters* :
In the cradle's inclosure, where Pain spoil'd her nap,
Tall Vanity fed her with PUFFS and with pap ;
Affectation beswaddled the babe when ta'en out,
And the minor Antipathies pinn'd on her clout.
With Ovidian airs this neat belle's oft victorious,
And can triumph and taunt, tho' she'll never be glorious !
Her bright sable beads irresistibly move,
In liquid-fed concaves, obedient to Love ;
No Tirzan far-fam'd for soft bosoms snow-white,
Could obey with more grace at the fane of Delight ;
Nor did silver-bow'd Dian more exquisite seem,
When she tore off her buskins and plung'd in the stream.
'Mid the harems of Salem or Sophi's *serail*,
She should look and be honor'd, should speak and pre-
vail !
Her lips, like rich rose-buds, each wanderer greets,
As humid with odour and pregnant with sweets ;

Yet

Yet the pulse of Desire can scarce urge his blisses,
 Lest too finely wrought they should melt while he kisses;
 Those Gales which old Eolus destin'd to rove
 O'er the vale of Amana and Lebanon grove,
 Gull their turbulent Chief, as Hygeia cheats Death,
 By stealing that incense which hallows her breath!

As an actress she'd gather more plaudits and pelf,
 Thought she more of the audience and less of—herself;
 Her LADY LARDOON forms a point for each joker,
 She should blush for such essays as high as red oker;
 Like keen Common Sense to view GEORGE in a cottage,
 Or WESTMORLAND eating an Irishman's pottage;
 Fierce Mars to see LENOX survey Woolwich Warren,
 Or the Paphian Urchins when DERBY woos FARREN;
 JOHNNY L*** when the Mirror reflects his arm'd brows,
 Or Hymen, when CARDIGAN grapples his spouse.
 But the Destinies thought (their restrictions are such)
 To have *Beauty* and *Wit* would be having too much.

Tell this nymph should she think my injunctions amiss,
 That the council of Truth forms the primmer of Bliss;
 When the insincere praise Desolation must follow,
 As serpents preslaver that victim they'd swallow.

Mr. FAWCET, Jun.

With villanous flattery gorg'd by his nurse,
 Susceptible FAWCET has heard Phœbus curse!
 He's too young and too forward to flourish unnipp'd,
 He gulp'd Vanity's draughts, where his compeers but
 sipp'd!

He

He *will* give placid Reason some damnable thumps,
 Like some players at whist he *will* shew—all his trumps;
 But *th' enough and no more*, which establishes good,
 Is, like Hymen's injunctions, but ill understood.

Conceit in a dolt's like an obtrusive ray,
 Which breaks thro' a chink in a room shut from day:
 In the bright breadth of which the quick-sighted may
 spy,

Animalculæ, atoms, straws, grubblings, filth, fly!
 All of whom, t'have been there, would ne'er have been
 known,

Were the avenues clos'd, or keen Wit on his throne,
 His lungs seem with varied combustibles fraught,
 Which ideas discharge independent of thought.
 He spurts out some words that disjointedly fly,
 As a damag'd *jet d'eau* spits its streams to the sky;
 'Tis piteous a youth should with fury be cram'd,
 Or feel, like a post-horse, diurnally damn'd;
 Some Tyros thro' muck are eternally splashing,
 And think Fame is ravish'd by daring and dashing;
 No suppliant nymph can their ardour assuage,
 Who, like the North wind, seem decreed but to rage;
 They unfeelingly tread on sweet Flora's *parterre*,
 And smite, all indignant—the bodyless air!
 From such, guggling Hippocrenes toppers all run,
 Like Minerva's grave bird from the hot garish sun;
 A sable clad beau would encounter as soon
 An erratic *Friseur* on a Sunday at noon.

T

Yet

Yet we must not too rude pinch the organs of Shame,
 Or batter that lamp which gives food to the flame,
 But pull out the cotton, and cautiously trim it,
 Or if the oil's crusted with gentleness skim it;
 For ENERGY in the vast walk of the drama,
 Like *Charity* here or around the grand Lama,
 Will cover most aptly a million of sins,
 As Error seems shrouded when Rapture begins.
 Bid FAWCET not mope as his SNEAK prov'd to me,
 If he thinks he may win—what he's not, he may be.

Mr. HARLEY.

Queer HARLEY's an oaf on Impolicy's throne,
 What he is not, he seems—what he is, is not known!
 Like the prism he colours the rays as they pass,
 Yet viewing those colours we value not glass
 By HENDERSON tutor'd, whom GARRICK had made,
 He is but the shadow at best of a shade;
 Yet that shadow tho' sombrous, inconstant possesses,
 A charm that the vision but seldom distresses;
 Some damnable errors this Scion has hit on,
 He thunders his vowels too harsh for a Briton;
 Throws a methodist cant around SHAKESPEARE's best
 beauties,
 And seems chain'd to one oar, like a slave at his duties.
 Had your *Lear*, servile HARLEY, but less of that whine,
 Competition should shake and my plaudits be thine.

His

His frame's like a lump that Prometheus kick'd.
 Or a coarse shaggy bear, tho' mature, unlick'd;
 Bid him think of young CHRIGHTON, ere Infamy slew
 him,

Who had ravish'd the Graces fore Puberty knew him;
 Perseverance is all, be the toiler so hard;
 If he mends not his manner, his fortune is marr'd:
 The envious will mutter he's Prudence abus'd,
 He'd a skein of some worth, but that skein is—all us'd.
 Should he heed not my page or my dogma a button,
 He must walk on the *pavé*, and feed—on cold mutton.

Mr. BERNARD.

Agile BERNARD, thro' GEORGE's three nations well
 known,

In ARCHER's disguise made his bow to the town;
 But who gave him that part, prov'd in fact but his foe,
 As no bulwark he rais'd—'twixt the groom and the beau
 'Tis the actors of France know the use of those arms,
 Which were meant by our God anatomical charms;
 Tho', if we may judge from our players strange duties,
 All believe them incumbrances—none think them beau-
 ties!

And to prove how impatient their feelings abide 'em:
 In the pocket or bosom with industry hide 'em:—
 But that tale would amaze, such a tale could I tell,
 That a country-bred actor play'd gentlemen well;

There the grant to do wrong but enervates the will,
And Nature unbridled, oft wanders to Ill.

If high-born example can qualify wrong,
Pleasant BERNARD may quote England's historic song;
Warm and wild with his errors, unshackl'd he rov'd,
As the heart strongly urg'd what the mind disapprov'd:
Thus the jest-loving CHARLES, and his comic adherents,
Assum'd Britain's sceptre, as Laughter's vicegerents;
Having smil'd 'mid the Belgæ, they seiz'd Albion's throne,
When exotic follies corrupted their own.—

'Tis not ludicrous tricks can upraise a strange name,
Or give mask'd Desert to the volumes of Fame;
For the part and the habit must both be convey'd
To the critical eye, as the man and his shade.
—But let him not droop at his fate, or regret it;
When the diamond is polish'd, the public will set it;
Tho' the town and the claimant oft growl when they
meet,

Yet Custom at length makes their bickerings sweet,
Till enraptur'd his feebleness Charity sees,
And their atoms commix by a chain of degrees.
If an actor for years has repeated a crime,
Still the edge of that error is blunted by Time;
Hence HULL is permitted his post to retain,
And the tones of a BENSLEY are heard without pain!!!
The AUDIENCE of LONDON, (thus all know the case is)
Are notoriously fond of—OLD FRIENDS AND OLD
FACES!

And

And well must he know all the wiles of Seduction,
 Tho' indebted to Wit for a brief introduction;
 Who by efforts of d'gnified worth can remove
 The firm harden'd base of their OLD FASHION'D LOVE;
 For misled by its whisperings oft Judgment retires,
 While Peace warms the bosom with Amity's fires.

MRS. PLATT.

As Purity stalks with a taper before her,
 See PLATT look on Heaven, while vestals adore her;
 Tho' a MISTRESS by name, still the nymph's a mere MISS,
 As her lip never met the connubial kiss;
 If giggling spinsters by myriads have throng'd to it,
 She abhorr'd the enjoyment, and all that belong'd to it.
 No vile flaunting roses are seen in her breast,
 She laughs not at saucy Indecency's jest;
 She ne'er was relax'd by young Love's fierce offences,
 Tho' Time's busy handmaids have jaundic'd her senses.
 A strong dread of the Incubi cleaves round her soul,
 And holds all her passions in trembling controul;
 For she suffers no thing, in the shape of a man,)
 To peep o'er her tucker, or play with—her fan,
 When this tulip of maidenhood first saw the light,
 Her brows mark'd the infant—a foe to Delight;
 The first words that escap'd, in a soul-heaving sigh,
 Were, *Man is a monster! pisb! psba! and ob fie!*
 Like a sensitive plant known by innate debility,
 She trembled, and shrunk from—the touch of virility;

On her lack-ruby lip, see 'tis written most clearly,
—Who-e'er ventures here—shall be punish'd severely ;
 Not the frozen LUCRETIA, whom Vice put her feet on;
 Or the scar'd BRITOMARTIS who div'd from the Cretan;
 Or the cold headless WINIFRED, dear to North Wales,
 Nor URSULA holy, of whom they've wove tales,
 With the thousands of virgins she piously led,
 And who CLAUDE on the canvas still keeps from the dead,
 Not JEFFERIES, BRUDENELL, DIGBY, or TRYON!
 Or more HONOR'D MAIDS whom a queen could rely on:
 Or PULTNEY, or WROUGHTON, or cosy MISS POPE,
 Or any cadaverous alien of Hope:
 Were half so precise, lofty, cautious or chaste,
 For no masculine lineament's, sullied her—waist:—
 That waist which ne'er swell'd by a warm constitution,
 Like the Conjuror's circle, defies all pollution.
 She oft carols sweet, tho' she never sings loud,
 And the end of each ditty is—WOMAN BE PROUD.

I ne'er saw her play but nine times in my life,
 And each portrait was then—nor maid, widow, or wife;
 But like Mecca's fam'd tomb that's suspended on high,
 A strange thing unattach'd to the land or the sky;
 A ridiculous biped (for Spleen had suborn'd it),
 That just trod the stage, but—to shew how IT scorn'd it.

MR. QUICK.

With his gibes and his quiddities, cranks, and his wiles,
 His croak and his halt, and his smirks and his smiles;

View

View the smart tiny QUICK, giving grace to a joke,
With a laugh-loving eye, or a leer equivoke.—
Madam Spleen shuns that rogue with particular care,
And flies to a palace, to keep from Despair :
She hates the blythe dwarf with immoderate rage,
And for fear of his power ne'er visits the stage ;
Or e'en ventures abroad, her fix'd dreads have so won
her,

Except with a duchess or stray maid of honor.

Of all the bright parts which he fills with high credit,
His DRUGGET's the best, and 'tis Judgment has said it :
There are others more priz'd by a common affection,
But none that so nearly approaches perfection.—
A great part of the audience alone feel delight,
When the heart can be mov'd thro' the medium of sight :
Tho' the sound's as important, when artfully stealing
Thro' the caves of the ear it alarms all our feeling ;
But seeing's the grand and the primary sense,
Thro' which every nerve receives bliss or offence ;
Turns the force of the relative four to a jest ;
For the sight, like a bawd, prostitutes all the rest.

With an inborn regret, and a sigh that's conceal'd,
He joins Mummery's flag in the dramatic field ;
Yet the act's not his own, 'tis swoln Folly demands it ;
And he must be obedient, when Fashion commands it :
There's sorcery in nonsense which leads us astray,
Tho' Wisdom attempts to exorcise the way ;
We're bewitch'd from ourselves, in an imbecile nick,
And subscribe to the art, tho' we talk 'gainst the trick ;

As prudes rail at passion, with vehement din,
And profess to chain sense, tho'—they privately sin.

Be it known, for his credit (in Satire's despite),
That the *Third* GEORGE of *Brunswick* is fond of this
wight;

Had Royalty smil'd but on men like JOHN QUICK,
Aristocracy now would not sink to *old Nick*:
Then Despots and Kings would not writhe with despair.
As the world would think *virtue* and *worth* were their
care,

It is strange to assert, but 'tis Truth tells the story,
That your small individuals are dearest to Glory:
It should seem that the souls of diminutive men
Are too vast for their brittle corporeal den;
And impel their possessors o'er mountains to leap,
While the big race of mortals half petrified sleep:
Hence Berlin's late lord made the world kiss his rod,
And the victor of India was hail'd as a god;
While chiefs full as valiant are kept from the fray,
As their minds are depress'd—by the weight of their
clay.

MR. ROCK*.

As streamlets more thin than an Asp's twisting tail,
Are spew'd forth by fountains to wet the low dale:
To crawl and to creep at the feet of coarse briars,
So *high-born* O'ROURKE's cast 'mid losels and liars:

§ This Gentlemans proper name is O'ROURKE.

Now

Drawn forth from the loins of rich *Breffney's* fam'd kings,
 By pebbles he's marr'd cast from common wrought slings:
 Now he unsheathes the dagger to sing deathful lays :
 Then sheathes it again till he's seen unborn days :
 Now he'll fume and he'll foam, and he'll sweat and he'll
 swear,

Then takes his mundungus and puffs away care :
 Calls that minx wayward Fortune a strap and a whore,
 Who gives Folly her gem, and keeps *Royalty* poor.
 Shall he be a play'r, is gruff Fate so unkind,

Who was born to sway sceptres and bruise human kind ?

(*Gniomb, agus Cor, biodb do fein Clan a milidb, a Nois
 caitabhfuil d'ea la dhan, Go lis filidb ? Ni fheaduim
 bbeith am thochd!*)

Say who would not grieve to behold a great man,
 Thus shov'd in the fire from *TIME's* frying-pan :
 Or the boots of Count Saxe upon Middle-Row hooks,
 Or the shield of Achilles a pot-lid for cooks ?
 But Plantagenet's shoulders were press'd by a hod,
 And Hermes pick'd pockets tho' knit by a God :
 Venus seiz'd drunken bucks to implore for a shilling,
 And Niobe moan'd while her children were killing.

The rank, rich, fat brogue of his Connaught *spalpeens*,
 Conveys to the ear all Propriety means:

Father *LUKE's* the true, sly, rotten prop of old Peter ;
 And his *PAT* in *Rosina* will ne'er be play'd neater :
 Rock's ideas Presumption oft would but can't guage,
 For he looks like a Blockhead but thinks—like a Sage.

Mrs.

She would hide the rich theft, when the credulous praise
her,

But Truth draws the curtain, and, angry, betrays her;

Now 'tis seen thro' and thro' by a curious eye,

Like the transparent wing of a summer-dry'd fly;

Or the unnapp'd remains of—an honest man's coat,

Or the old water-mark of a hacknied bank-note.

Yet her PECKHAMS, her FLIRTS, and her ADELAIDE:
charm me,

And her *epilogue speaking* can gladden and warm me,

In that Envy's minions *must* own when they mind her,

She leaves Competition—a furlong behind her.

MR. HULL.

Lo! Chearfulness flies from the haunts of poor HULL,

Who's adust, melancholic, somnific and dull;

The flame of his mind lacks additional fuel,

His passions are cold, and his words—water-gruel:

Like a walleted pilgrim, he looks desolation,

As his eye craves from Pity the timely donation!

No tons of impulsive phlogiston were treasur'd

In the stores of his frame, when his vitals were measur'd;

For th' Almighty design'd him in buskins to tread,

As a tyrant in wood, like the Saracen's head. --

Like a poor knight of Windsor, by royalty drest,

His honors but make him—the but of a jest;

With a sense-goading lisp he pursues his vocation,

And feeds half the fools who profess—IMITATION!

Bor;

Borrows six pounds a-week from the mob-gather'd treasure,

And murders the idiom of Britain at pleasure.—

He's a sort of *stage Patriarch*, whose heart should wed ease,

As he's lauded in life by all ranks and degrees.

To lacerate acting like his with my pen,

Were charging a cannon, to tear—a poor wren;

Let the man have his broth, and applaud his Creator

That Charity marshals the scenic narrator;

Tho' we all must feel bless'd at the tragical fact,

When the Bard slaughters HULL—in the drama's first act.

He once sought the Muses conven'd in their bowers,

To claim a reward for his poetic powers;

When he ask'd for his *caput* some decent apparel.

They gave him a night-cap—instead of a laurel!

To shield Dulness' seat. from the pressure of pains,

And preserve all that fungus his God meant for brains.

But minstrels like HULL, fret this Saturn-crush'd age,

And encumber the closet, as well as the stage;

We have JERNINGHAMS, YEARSLEYS, and MERRYS
and MORES,

Who rave with Cimmerian influence by scores;

A Beotian husk, for such faculties fit,

Enfolds their ideas and cases their wit;

Who count their minc'd periods, as misers count pence,

And first think of harmony, then--think of sense;

Who

Who have glean'd fertile BYCHE of all good he can yield,
As the poor of the hamlet strip Ceres' rich field;
Who, coldly correct, have accomplish'd their ends,
By the dull visitation of classical friends;
Tho' no grain of rich ore gives true worth to the mine,
Tho' no feature of Genius illumines a line;
Who fine-draw the delicate theme from the head,
And toil at the texture, and rhyme themselves dead;
But such phrase-haberdashers, and epithet finders,
Are not poets innate, but mere Poetry-grinders.
How DRYDEN would smile, could he rise from the dead,
And behold such refin'd—PREPARATIONS OF LEAD!--
When the half-famish'd Bard gives his wit-woven lay,
From the jaws of the press, to the broad eye of day;
Who draws on his fancy for viands and raiment,
And sinks into woe, if he fails in--prompt payment.
Uncandid Reviewers, abusing their duties,
Will feed on his errors—but sleep o'er his beauties:
For, alas! he's too poor to suborn one vile name,
To forge a base draught on that prostitute Fame;
Then like villanous watchmen, corrupted by pence,
They'll wink at a THIEF, but insult COMMON SENSE;
If rich, they'll applaud HAWKINS' trash to the skies,
If poor, OTWAY's labours affect to despise!
--Sure Phœbus in ire will lift up his hand,
And strike, like the Python, such plagues from the land.

Mrs. *WEBB*.

Like a lusty old Sybil, who rambles elate,
With a raven-ton'd voice to anticipate Fate;
Mark *WEBB*, like a whale, bear her fatness before her,
As the sprats of the Drama for mercy implore her;
Her high-garnish'd phiz give young Pleasantries birth,
And her well-fed abdomen's a mountain of mirth:
See the coarse-hewn old Dowager's mix'd with the rest,
Like a piece of brown dowlas near lace from Trieste;
And darts her huge beak for the prizes and pickings,
As an overgrown hen amidst delicate chickens:
Impertinent Doubts run to measure her size,
While Temperance looks at her frame with surprise.
Her airs are as harsh as a Brighthelmstone dipper,
And loosely assum'd like a pantaloons's slipper;
Tho' base without force, like the oath of a harlot,
Or the impudent grin of a shoulder-deck'd varlet.—
This mould of the fair sex is true female stuff,
And warm at the heart, tho' her—manners are rough:
Like *QUEEN BESS* she disdains the resistance of man,
And knocks down a peer with the end of her fan;
Old Care knits his brows to coerce and impale her,
And eyes her with hatred but dare not assail her.
For social contumely cares not a fig,
For if none call her *GREAT*, all the world swears she's *big*.
She's a beef-lin'd adherent to thundering Rage,
And a prop of vast import to Wit and the stage;

But

But Bards have too potently season'd her song,
 Which like garlic in soup makes the pottage too strong;
 She's a stage-struck Silena, who raves and who bellows,
 Like WESTON or WINDSOR when bilk'd by their fellows;
 No precept—no labor can polish or tame her,
 Not CHESTERFIELD'S page or the chissel of DAMER!
 For by playing old furies so apt and so often,
 No human device can the habitude soften;
 Thus an exotic sapling we frequently see,
 When engrafted by Art, become part of the tree.—
 So poignant a mind in a vulgariz'd shell,
 Resembles a bucket of gold in a well;
 'Tis like Ceylon's best spice in a rude-fashion'd jar,
 Or Comedy coop'd in a Dutch man of war.

Mr. RYDER.

When RYDER, with sighs, left that mirth-loving spot
 Where the sins of the man in the friend are forgot;
 All-bounteous IERNE, who gives drink and diet,
 But when Gratitude speaks—bids the *crater* be quiet!
 With his faults on his forehead, he met the fierce eye
 Of those critical squadrons who write—but to lie.
 As it ne'er was his subtle and illusive lot
 To envelope what is, by a shew of what's not;
 His performance was bold, if not always correct,
 And his mind, like *the* PRINCE, was august and direct.
 But this is a land where Deception embraces
 The mean fawning caitiff who Nature disgraces;

And

And transcendent Ability cannot protect
Its own proper lord from the public neglect;
There's a social sophistry crept into life,
Which keeps modest Merit and Honor at strife;
For the surface contents those averse to much toil,
And but few take the pains to examine the soil;
Such men, like th' Ephemera, should rapid decay,
And be born, blaze, and perish, within the same day;
As their praise puts the kindred of Doubt into motion,
Like a lawyer when caught—at religious devotion.—

Those actors there are, who have touch'd silly hearts,
Impell'd by a congress of pitiful arts;
Upheld by those JOURNALS which blaze in the day,
Tho' their numbers and jarrings lead Reason astray;
Unknown to example, he acts from his feeling,
And scorns his compeers who get rich by their stealing.
Iv'e seen him p'ay WOLSEY with wonderful force,
Iv'e seen him in ZANGA draw tears from their source;
His IRONSIDE, HOB, SCRUB, TOM, SCAPIN and BEN,
Are parts where he equals the dramatists' pen;
And his MISER, like RIGBY's blithe board, when he treats,
Is surrounded by richness, and pregnant with sweets;
Propriety smiles in such habits to find him,
As he leaves all his rivals at distance behind him.—
Had the graces but moulded his visage and figure,
In the censor's stern eye no adept would seem bigger;
He has failings, 'tis true, but where's he who has none?
Yet his faults are like blots in the radiant sun;

Which

Which Envy had dash'd, but she found by Surprise
That the beam of his excellence dazzled her eyes.

Mr. MARSHALL.

In your slim *petit maitres*—your masculine things,
Who but MARSHALL, to sight little Extacies brings?
He's genteel without dignity—trims well his face,
And holds up the train, like a page, of each Grace;
He's not black, nor yet blanch'd, like your demi-damn'd
souls;

Nor hot nor yet cold, like a Breeze 'twixt the poles.
He enacts *walking Gentlemen*, hostile to will,
And to act such parts well demands uncommon skill;
As they're vile up-hill efforts—the torment of tongues,
And are curs'd by the audience—the thought and the
lungs;

They walk forth, like the slaves of the dread inquisition,
When the garb of the wretch proves his mortal perdition!

We must all do our best, with or pike or baton,
And that man who demurs is an empty scull'd loon;
He's destructive to method, as Quakers who drink,
Or Priests who run riot, or Soldiers who—THINK;
Social error pervades us to make Wit distrest,
As your red-letter days but make Indolence blest;
Cause Sebastian was shot at and Larry was broil'd,
Our gains must lie dormant—our Commerce be spoil'd.

Mr. MUNDEN.

Should Dian, when buskin'd with silver, have led
 Her Spaniels to rouse the proud Stag from his bed;
 Or issu'd her Mastiffs where Marmozets whine,
 Or taken her Greyhounds to chase the fang'd swine;
 Deputed the Falcon to gore Jove's own eagle,
 Or t'assail couchant Panthers unfetter'd a beagle;
 Or unloos'd Danish curs to scent o'er the fresh stubble,
 How the Gods in a conclave, had laugh'd at her trouble.
 Tho' the Spaniel, the Mastiff, Hounds, Beagle and
 Dane,

If directed but rightly, had toil'd not in vain.

Somewhat thus 'twas with MUNDEN, who rush'd on
 he eye,

As EDWIN'S *Apology*—Wonder's supply!
 And, like Phœbus, who oft would his excellence smother,
 His own radiance hid with—the cloak of *another*.
 A man, whom Fate knit to extirpate our cares,
 Who should live *without compeers* and die *without hei s!*
 Yet eventual honors shall make this wight dear,
 What PALMER'S at *Drury* shall MUNDEN be here;
 More general talents were scarce ever seen,
 T'embeilish th' eccentric—the solemn—the mean.
 His *Deaf Lover's* a chief, with the best should be class'd,
 His *Dornton's* a feat that's been seldom surpass'd;
 At exertions like those keen Discernment ne'er frets,
 They're like BLOOMFIELD'S neat trifles, or HARLOWE'S
Grizelles.

Each

Each new character brings hidden worth to our sight,
As thieves with dark lanterns progressive give light.

But to be at one cast just the thing that we ought,
Was denied to those Roscii who Dignity sought :
For acting like nautics is known by degrees,
And the secret's denied to the minions of Ease.
The Phœnicians at first paddled close to the shore,
Then return'd, thank'd their Gods, and then ventur'd
once more;

At last without dread they uprose from their pillows,
Launch'd their barks and skim'd o'er the salt face of the
billows;

Scorch'd their brains 'neath the tropic—seiz'd exotic trea-
sures,

Expanded their fame and created new pleasures.

Bid MUNDEN, that ally of Merit, come near,
And I'll pour the rare institute into his ear:
In the hum of the mart—in the dance—in the dream,
Be Propriety's mandate, your thought and your theme :
You must seek out those fastnesses where she is hidden,
Nor cease to entreat her, tho' chid and forbidden.
As ladies, you know, or in London or Venice,
Will adore the bold varlet who laughs at their menace,
When a catiff assumes what his powers can't equal,
He should hide 'neath Humility's skirts in the sequel;
And look'd as crest-fallen as Wit in a stew,
When his God in the morn, finds a chink and peeps
thro',

Or

Let this be your rule and your compass and creed,
 To illustrate your mind and en-noble your deed;
 Those who gamble with knowledge against those who
 shun it,

Will half win the game ere the party's begun it.
 You must not regret that the Critic's coarse thong,
 Lash'd your hide ere you'd finish'd your probation
 song:

The Charger of Ammon tho' strong and high-mettled,
 Was previous *rode bard* ere his value was settled;
 And your Sportsmen at Tennis by Policy taught,
 Will oft strike the ball ere the instrument's *bought*,
 It is said I'm severe, if severity's due,
 My pen, like the probe, to save many, wounds few,
 Yet I'm harsh to be kind—I obey Truth's own letter,
 If the incision is right why the animal's better;
 Can I see, *sans* emotion, those things that I see?
 Can I look and reflect and yet banquet with Glee?
 While Glory's own race feel the sense stunning knock,
 The base are all wrapp'd in lewd Fortune's foul smock!
 The seduc'd pines and rots at her Seducer's door,
 The infernal are wealthy—the virtuous poor!
 Heaven's manna is seiz'd but by idiots and brutes,
 See *ROSE ride in splendor, while I walk in boots!*
 Hear one legal Blockhead call learned his brother,
 Hear the *Stulti* in Parliament laud one another!
 Hear *Aristocrats*, with a rancorous rudeness,
 Apply the term *vulgar* to GREATNESS and GOODNESS!

TOM

TOM STEELE's to his high local honors elected,
And ZENOBIO re-swallows that filth he'd rejected !
Oh I'd weild my Cyclissus could wounds make them
feel,

And cut the dolts down, from the head to the heel.

There are who Propriety's statutes eschew,

Who would transverse her points, and make error seem true :

Break her laws as contemptuous as Care Cupid's loons,
Or a Dutchman his pipe which he'd blacken'd twelve
moons!

When such rule the land or enfeeble the pen,

The Gods are all dormant and Fiends manage men;

Then the proud and the petulant rush to adore 'em,

And Virtue and Merit aghast run before 'em.

There crawls in this town a gaunt, hell-born inditer,

A TRANSMONTANE REPTILE—a foam-breathing writer;

Whom his country cast forth as the whale spew'd up
Jonas.

To cicatrice, flagellate, ***** and stone us ;

He will twist and re-twist, and bedamn and bepraise,

Till scar'd Observation turns sick at his lays :

Now plunging head forward, then retrograde scud,

Thro' furlongs of filth, like an eel in the mud;

Tho' so foul and beslim'd Nature's issue can't love him,

He's the skill to pollute the pure waters *above him*;

And when he has blacken'd the element o'er,

Recedes thro' the mire and seeks a new shore ;

Disports.

Disports with those atoms his nauseousness brings,
And renders unwholesome Hygeia's own springs :
The spawn of Deception, with exquisite art,
Inmix'd with his system and hollow'd his heart ;
Half true, half malignant, his stigma flew round,
As Echoes imperfectly multiply sound :
But the national fangs of the good and the just,
Shall seize the *brown monster* and grind him to dust :
He shall pine with his pangs, like Iscariot in chains,
Till Time's paralytic and Hell seals his pains.

THE FRY.

If such heroes and nymphs are scarce worth critic
powder,
In the Drama's vast regiment no bipeds are louder ;
And tho' all may be class'd as the Scions of Nature,
There's none deserve rank in my proud Nomenclature ;
See ! they look dim and sculking, like Ivy-lane bards,
Or club's dingy knave on an old pack of cards ;
Or Falstaff's recruits, or a limb of the law,
When LOUGHBOROUGH chills the black caitiff with awe ;
Some board nightly bears, the coarse frames of these
elves,
For they cannot, like riv'lets, make *beds* for themselves !
But these children of Nothingness feed the depravity,
By viewing their size in the mirror's concavity :
Some Ninnies are made to be cuff'd and to plod on,
And like common carpets just wove to be trod on.

Mark

Mark the slip-shod Purveyors to blear-ey'd Vulgarity,
 Scud by Reason in tears to woo noisy Hilarity :
 Without gift or acquirement nineteen out of twenty
 Will crave a mortmain in the regions of Plenty :
 Like cats in the night, they 'mid darkness are purring,
 And dance *a la moresco* while Truth is interring ;
 Like a Muscovite boor when chastis'd by his Lord,
 You must flay them alive ere you'll touch the heart's
 chord.

They should all be deep-lav'd in Philosophy's brine,
 Like unfranchis'd Seamen when passing the line !
 Tho' none towards Philologists mutter a vow,
 They'll all bring rank butter to grease the fat Sow !
 They know not of phonicks, light, shade, force, or fire ;
 But hail the millennium with TRUEMAN's entire,
 Prefer juniper-juice to Falernian wine,
 And like Infidels think, when they're mad they're divine !
 When they see the nine Muses' receive Folly's knocks,
 Depriv'd of their symbols and robb'd of their smocks :
 They are blest as pert MINGAY defining a libel,
 Or L——y abusing his God and the Bible :
 Or EDEN incas'd in the robes of the peerage,
 Old BOYD in the gun-room, or HOWE at the steerage :
 They've been transvers'd and injur'd by Predestination,
 And suffer'd a kind of a topsyturvation :
 He so rumbled and jumbled their NEDS and their
 NELLIES,
 That they've guts in their skulls, and they've brains in
 hteir bellies !

Unlike

Unlike nitre or herbage, no Seer toils to win 'em,
 As burn'd or as boil'd they've no virtues within 'em!
 Tho' they've lumps, like mens heads, bodies, legs, arms,
 and hands,

They would scarce be inroll'd in the City's *strange* bands:
 They buzz, like brown flies, round the bust of high Jove,
 And defile th' august lip that gave being to Love:
 Bespot with their filth the sublime God of song,
 Then wing it away and not *feel* they've done wrong;
 Yet you feed them with hope—with concern—with de-
 light!

And shut Magnanimity out from your sight!
 Thus Mecca-sworn slaves burnt the M.S. of Livy,
 Who now kiss scraps of paper Good Sense gives the
 privy.

They'd be-urine those *tumuli* Memory rais'd,
 For the bones of the great, human Wonder has prais'd:
 Point and giggle at Ruin, tho' watch'd by Detection,
 And smash the best mirror e'er priz'd by Reflection;
 Smear the tablet that fed the legation of Moses,
 Tear the *bouquet* from Beauty and stamp on her roses:
 Clip the coin of the Gods—laugh at Honor when
 sighing,

And stand tip-toe on mountains while Boreas was flying.
 You'd ask why they breathe—why the Thunderer
 slumbers?

Their importance is not in themselves but their *num* bers:

(Thus we see a POLITICAL GULLY-HOLE plann'd,
To ingulph all the feces which poisons the land :
Into which from all parts of the Empire runs,
Atrocity's self and Atrocity's sons :
There they ferment, and mingle, smoke, bubble, and
stew,

While angels weep over the sulphur-fed crew :
Not the Demon's foul clothes' bag or Acheron's caves,
Could emit such a steam as these scrophulous knaves :
They'll lean over life's edge and unscar'd view Perdition,
And this viper-fraught concrete they call—OPPOSITION,
Which annoys *poor* JOHN BULL with a damnable din,
When the RASCALS who're *out* bay those RASCALS
who're *in* !

And the only vile theme on which *both* can agree,
Is to keep WORTH and VIRTUE from—touching a fee.)
They'll all wonders profess when the deed can't be
granted ;

Like coachmen, who're civil but when they're *not* wanted
Should you ask if such manlings deserve to be book'd,
Some loons,' like the Z, have their uses tho' crook'd :
Each Utility's taper will burn to the socket,

And denied to burn *that* will or bruise it or knock it !
Some *affect* to illustrate Modesty's plan,

As nymphs *bide* naked men with—the sticks of the fan.
They'll all, when Good Sense bids the varlets be neater,
Scud askew from her altars like crabs from Saint Peter ;

Then

Then each retrograde losel looks grim at the other,
Like the fallen PERREAUS, when the brother curs'd
 brother;
And pale and distracted, and moans, and despairs,
Like MUN BURKE at midnight, or FRANCIS at prayers;
When Merit exhibits his guinea-gorg'd purse,
They'll echinate, redden and tacitly curse:
Look at Heaven with anger—each smite his brass front,
And by gesture imply it was you Fate have don't;
A great part were engender'd, when Nature was tir'd
With chisselling beings the world have admir'd;
As AUGUSTUS turns buttons, and LOUIS SEIZE dances,
When matters of moment have moider'd their faucies:
So WEDGWOOD, when all the fine clay is destroy'd,
Which in elegant forms he so ably employ'd;
To fulfil and amuse his industrious wishes,
Manufactures and kneads hideous pipkins and dishes.
But the STAGE, like a huge caravan, takes in all,
The erect, the infirm, lofty, worthless, and small:
Like DEBRET'S FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, issued each
 season,
Where dolts rank as wits, who have scarce human rea-
 son.—
Yet among them some few have deserv'd Merit's wreath,
As health-giving herbs deck the russet-clad heath;
And Fame says no object more strongly can please her,
Than when men in the ranks own the soul of a Caesar.
Like fair STUART and POWELL, who honor probation,
And in *bumble attempts* seize the Town's estimation;

A few grains of true worth in their characters settle,
 As chalybeate waters are freighted with metal;
 Which receiv'd in *small draughts* do the animal good,
 But if ta'en in *large goblets* would sicken the blood.—
 Stern CUBIT's *low life* is an excellent test,
 For his GIBBET was ne'er better play'd or exprest;
 And GARDENER's broad firm manly figure contributes
 To keep scenic Lords from Derision's high gibbets.—
 Our Deputies drag these bold *garions* to town,
 Where they're us'd like boys nine pins, set up and
 knock'd down;
 Young Raps they'll entice from their barns to annoy 'em,
 As some import foxes to hunt and destroy 'em.
 Poor THOMPSON the modest, first stole on the scene,
 Incrusted with baseness, repulsive and mean;
 So the bodies of mummies are hid with asphaltum,
 For thus Zeal deck'd the breathless, when Zeal would
 exalt 'em;
 But the labours of Habit have made him a new man,
 As she lick'd off his filth, till the oaf appear'd human.
 As for BLURTON, and BONVILLE, and PAINTER, and
 HELME,
 Who're created each muse to oppress and overwhelm;
 JOHN LEDGER (Integrity's son) and EVATT,
 And LYONS who makes Impropriety fat;
 Who think Fate was a dolt to fix *beads* upon men
 As they're needless adjuncts like the plume to the pen;
 For if they are mentioned 'tis merely to flout 'em,
 They think they're like women, much better without 'em.
Fame

Fame throws them in heaps with contemptuous quick-
ness,

As Turks use the dead in a national sickness.—

Such GROUNDINGS and GRUBLINGS, who mix with the
witty,

You must keep in the *back ground* from motives of pity ;

Should you push such *canaille* in Celebrity's day,

Like our brutes at Jamaica they'd pine and decay :

Mark the old tabby DAVENET, TWEEDALE, and BRAN-
GIN,

Who are ever on tags of false rhetoric hanging ;

'Tis strange, but these things view a town-favour'd sister,

With a scowl that speaks plainly *they* wish to resist her ;

And greedily look with an eye as voracious

As intent, as all-grasping, as fierce and rapacious,

As the nurse views our cash on a baptismal night,

Or a miser the means of terrestrial delight ;

Or an African chieftain his enemy slain,

Or a kite who's long flitted o'er Sarum's wide plain ;

Or a virgin whose hopes are decay'd she once built on ;

Or the liveried sharks of GREAT PEMBROKE at Wilton!—

Tho' each minx knows I'm right, yet like villains in
grain,

There's not one will confess that there's fact in my
strain ;

And if forc'd to speak truth, they as tremblingly tell it,

As the hand which bestows the first-fruits of a prelate ;

Or MELPOMENE'S arm over GOWER-STREET dishes,
When she carves fatless joints—for the slaves of her
wishes;

Who sit in pale congress, encircling that place,
Where she measures banyan—for her circumscrib'd
race.

As the theme is exhausted that first fed its fire,
I'll resign to Repose, both myself and my lyre;
Now Satire is dumb, let the miscreant rejoice
That Indolence fetters the springs of his voice:
Farewel to the buskin, the sock, and the truncheon,
Now Folly may riot, and Vice chew her luncheon;
Gaunt Falshood and Fraud will mislead Britain's youth,
As the diurnal puff shall eclipse antient Truth:
Be pert, ye base sinners, for who can ye dread,
Now Equity's silenc'd, and Chastisement dead?
Now the mean and malicious may crawl from their dens,
And kick the deserving, and brandish their pens;
While KEMBLE, who Joy's roseate family slashes,
Shall dress all the Muses—in *sackcloth and ashes*.

E'en that august Bard must my senses resign,
Imperial SHAKESPEARE, supreme and divine.
As the clay of his frame lay benumb'd in a dream,
On the violet-clad bank of smooth Avon's clear stream,
The Genius of Albion defended his slumbers,
Lest Guilt should obtrude, and disjoint his sweet num-
bers:

The Muses, tho' coy to the rest of mankind,
Ran jocund to light the vast caves of his mind;
Bore his harp to Minerva, who marshall'd its sound,
And hung Fancy's elegant symbols around;
As the sacred minstrel imbib'd in his thought,
All that Destiny will'd, or that Heaven had wrought;
With his keen mental eye Nature's source to discern,
Pass'd o'er the dread fence of Mortality's bourn;
Presum'd thro' the mists of Tartarean gloom,
And hail'd the lean Fates at their ominous loom;
Dash'd the horrors he saw with his spell-working pen,
Then awoke with the scroll to raise wonder mid 'men.

THE END.



*A TABLE of the FORFEITS to be incurred by Performers
of the Theaters Royal.*

First, Every performer engaged or employed at the said theatre at a salary of 30s. per week and under, who shall not duly attend the rehearsal of any theatrical performance, when summoned thereto, (except prevented by real indisposition,) shall forfeit 6d. for each scene in such performance wherein such performer shall be concerned, and from which he or she shall be absent; and, if absent during the whole rehearsal of his or her part or character, shall forfeit 2s. 6d.

Second, Every performer engaged or employed at a salary of more than 30s. and not exceeding 3l. per week, who shall not duly attend at rehearsals as above-mentioned, shall forfeit 1s. for each scene wherein such performer is concerned; and, if absent during the whole rehearsal, as aforesaid, shall forfeit 5s.

Third, Every performer engaged or employed at a salary of more than 3l. and not exceeding 6l. per week, who shall not duly attend at rehearsals as above-mentioned, shall forfeit 1s. 6d. for each scene wherein he or she is concerned; and, if absent during the whole rehearsal, 7s.

Fourth, Every performer engaged or employed at a salary of more than 6l. and not exceeding 9l. per week,

week, not attending rehearsals as abovementioned, shall forfeit 2s. for each scene wherein such performer is concerned; and, if absent during the whole rehearsal, 9s.

Fifth, Every performer engaged or employed at a salary of more than 9l. per week, not attending at rehearsals as aforesaid, shall forfeit 2s. 6d. for each scene wherein such performer is concerned; and, if absent during the whole rehearsal, 1cs. 6d.

Sixth, Every performer engaged or employed at the said theatre, who shall refuse to study, rehearse, or perform any part or character in any theatrical performance, when requested by the managers, or either of them, or by the prompter of the said theatre, by their, or either of their order or direction, shall forfeit 5l.

Seventh, Every performer engaged or employed at the said theatre, who shall wilfully absent himself or herself from the said theatre at the time he or she should publicly perform any part or character in any theatrical performance there, shall forfeit 10l. for the first offence, and double that sum for the second.

Eighth, Every performer engaged or employed at the said theatre, who shall, by pretending sickness or any other untrue allegation, get excused from being forfeited for not attending rehearsals, shall forfeit double the sum he or she would be liable to pay without such pretence or allegation, in manner above-mentioned.

Ninth,

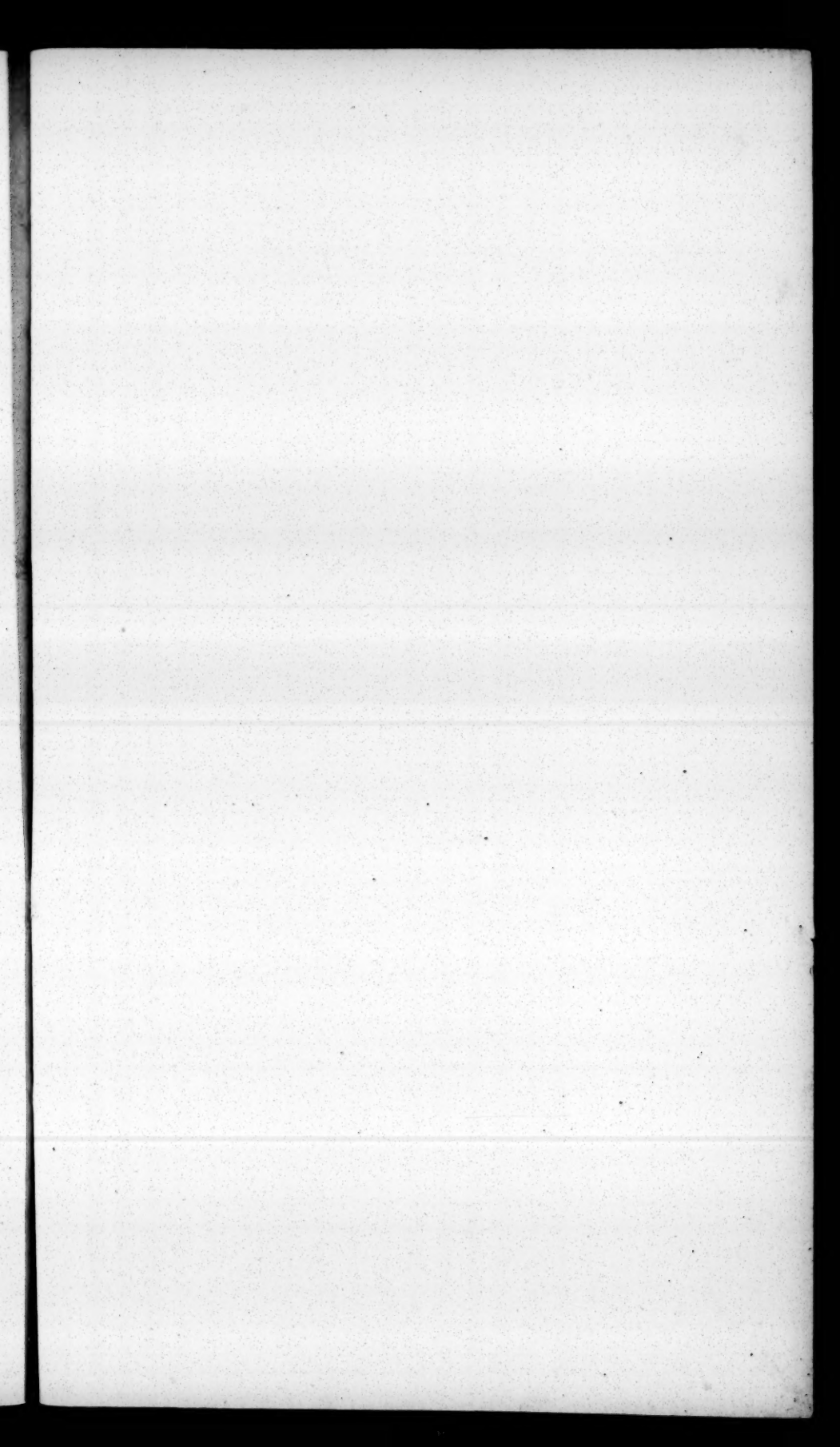
Ninth, If the prompter of the said theatre, through neglect or partiality, shall not in every week during the acting season, return to the managers, or one of them, the names of every performer who has incurred any forfeit as above-mentioned, he shall forfeit a week's salary for every such omission.

All other forfeits which may be incurred for irregular or improper behaviour, at the above-mentioned theatre, will be taken in the usual and accustomed manner.

N. B. All performers, whose salaries are above 6l. per week, are entitled to four ivory tickets for the free admission of their friends to the theatre, viz. a double and single order for the boxes, and two double orders for the first gallery. — All performers whose salaries do not amount to 6l. per week, are totally excluded from any similar privilege.

The nightly charge for a benefit for either author or actor, is one hundred and forty guineas, by the Drury-Lane Company at the Hay-market Theatre; one hundred pounds at Covent Garden Theatre; and sixty pounds at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market.





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